[redacted]

[illegible]

The Best [illegible]
is to be [illegible]
[illegible]

Pitts Lane & Pimpernel
Hung [illegible]

anyone [illegible]
Forest [illegible] bird
is Lost [illegible]
[illegible] all [illegible]

[illegible]

Most [illegible]
all [illegible]

The Clouds [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

~~[illegible]~~

tall a [illegible]

[illegible]

1º the object of [illegible]

2, the [illegible] of the [illegible]

3 they [illegible]

u/7

A SELECTION OF HYMNS OF PECULIAR METRE,

For the Use of the Congregation, meeting in

ARGYLE CHAPEL.

By WILLIAM JAY.

The Second Edition Enlarged.

BATH:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL HAZARD,
And to be had at the Vestry.
1797.

Testimony of Mr.
Main, Redemption
Regeneration
Union by Obe
Redemption by Chr
Regeneration by the

June 6. 1814 morning
The Text Principle
Question by Mr. Gar
The Foreign Office
Observer Leader
in the Pulpit

ADVERTISEMENT.

DR. WATTS's Pſalms and Hymns will be allowed by all competent judges, to be far ſuperior to any compoſition of this kind, which has made its appearance in the Church of God. Perſuaded that in every reſpect they have the advantage, we ſhall continue to uſe them in our public worſhip.

But in the Pſalms and Hymns of the ſweet Singer in our Britiſh Iſrael there is a great want of *peculiar Metre*, to which many of the beſt Tunes are adapted.—To ſupply this deficiency, I have made this Selection, and interſperſed it with a few Hymns never before publiſhed.

WILLIAM JAY.

BATH,
Jan. 1ſt, 1797.

HYMNS.

I.

COME, thou Fount of every Bleſſing,
Tune my Heart to ſing thy Grace!
Streams of Mercy never ceaſing,
Call for Songs of loudeſt Praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above:
Praiſe the Mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging Love.

Here I raiſe my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy Help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good Pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
JESUS ſought me when a Stranger
Wandering from the Fold of God;
He to ſave my Soul from Danger,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

3 Oh! to Grace how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that Grace, LORD, like a Fetter,
Bind my wandering Heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's my Heart, LORD, take and ſeal i
Seal it from thy Courts above.

II.

1 MIghty God, while Angels bleſs the
May an Infant liſp thy Name?
Lord of Men as well as Angels,
Thou art every Creature's Theme.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen

2 Lord of every Land and Nation,
Ancient of eternal Days;
Sounded thro' the wide Creation
Be thy juſt and lawful Praiſe. Ha

3 For the Grandeur of thy Nature,
Grand beyond a Seraph's Thought,
For created Works of Power,
Works with ſkill and kindneſs wrought. H

4 For thy Providence that governs
Thro' thine Empire's wide Domain;

Wings an Angel, guides a Sparrow,
Bleſſed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

5 But thy rich, thy free Redemption,
Dark thro' Brightneſs all along;
Thought is poor, and poor Expreſſion,
Who dare ſing that awful Song? Hal.

6 Brightneſs of the Father's Glory,
Shall thy Praiſe unutter'd lie?
Fly my Tongue ſuch guilty Silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

7 Did Archangels ſing thy Coming?
Did the Shepherds learn their Lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my Tongue refuſe to Praiſe. Hal.

8 From the higheſt Throne in Glory,
To the Croſs of deepeſt Woe;
All to ranſom guilty Captives,
Flow my Praiſe for ever flow. Hal.

9 Go return, immortal Savior,
Leave thy Footſtool, take thy Throne;
Thence return, and reign, for ever,
Be the Kingdom all thine own. Hal.

III.

1 COME, ye wretched Souls, to Jesus,
Weak and wounded, sick and poor!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity join'd with Power!
He is able,
He is willing; Doubt no more!

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free Bounty glorify;
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Every Grace that brings you nigh—
Without Money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not Conscience make you linger,
Nor of Fitness fondly dream;
All the Fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your Need of Him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising Beam.

4 Come, ye Weary, heavy Laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the Fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the Righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him proſtrate in the Garden;
On the Ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is Finiſh'd:"
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate God, aſcended,
Pleads the Merit of his Blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other Truſt intrude;
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs Sinners good.

7 Saints and Angels, join'd in Concert,
Sing the Praiſes of the Lamb:
While the bliſsful Seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners, here, may ſing the ſame.

IV.

1 JESUS, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the Storm of Life is past:
Safe into the Haven guide,
O receive my Soul at last.

2 Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless Soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my Trust on thee is stay'd,
All my Help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind:
Just and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness,
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4 Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin;
Let the healing Streams abound!
Make, and keep me pure within:

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

V.

1 RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace;
Rise from transitory Things,
T'wards Heaven thy native Place:
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove:
Rise, my Soul, and haste away
To Seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor stay in all their Course;
Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
Both speed them to their Source:
Thus a Soul new born of God,
Pants to view his glorious Face,
Upward tends to his Abode,
To rest in his Embrace.

3 Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the Prize;

Soon the Savior will return
  Triumphant in the Skies:
Yet a Seaſon, and you know
  Happy Entrance will be given,
All your Sorrows left below,
  And Earth exchang'd for Heaven.

VI.

1 THE God of Abram praiſe,
  Who reigns enthron'd above:
Ancient of everlaſting Days,
    And God of Love!
  Jehovah, great I AM!
  By Earth and Heaven confeſs'd,
I bow and bleſs the ſacred Name,
    For ever bleſs'd.

2 The God of Abram praiſe,
  At whoſe ſupreme Command,
From Earth I riſe, and ſeek the Joys
    At his right Hand.
  I'd all on Earth forſake,
  Its Wiſdom, Fame, and Power;
And him my only Portion make,
    My Shield and Tower.

3 The goodly Land I ſee,
With Peace and Plenty bleſt;
The Land of ſacred Liberty,
And endleſs Reſt.
There Milk and Honey flow,
And Oil and Wine abound;
And Trees of Life for ever grow,
With Mercy crown'd.

4 The God of Abram praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient Grace
Shall guide me all my happy Days,
In all his Ways:
He calls a Worm his Friend!
He calls Himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the End,
Through Jeſu's Blood.

5 He by Himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his Oath depend,
I ſhall on Eagles' Wings up-borne,
To Heaven aſcend;
I ſhall behold his Face,
I ſhall his Power adore;
And ſing the Wonders of his Grace
For evermore!

VII.

1 THE Fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,
The Blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King:
The Fountain that cleanses
From Sin and from Filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and Health.

2 This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its Power may be proved,
Again and again.

3 This Fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all,
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small:
Here's Strength for the weakly,
That hither are led;
Here's Health for the sickly,
And Life for the dead.

4 This Fountain though rich,
From Charge is quite clear,
The poorer the Wretch
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathſome, and bare;
Though lep'rous and filthy,
Come juſt as you are.

5 This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd:
The Fountain flows ſweetly
With Virtue divine,
To cleanſe Souls completely,
Though lep'rous as mine.

VIII.

1 LORD, if thou thy Grace impart,
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
I ſhall as my Maſter be,
Rooted in Humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little Child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the World besides.

3 Father, fix my Soul on thee;
Every Evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious Love.

IX.

1 'TIS a Point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious Thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless Frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his Name.

3 Could my Heart so hard remain,
Prayer a Task and Burden prove;
Every Trifle give me Pain,
If I knew a Savior's Love?

4 When I turn my Eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,
Can I deem myſelf a Child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn Will,
Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his Saints to meet,
Chooſe the Ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at Times, the Promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful Caſe!
Thou who art thy People's Sun;
Shine upon thy Work of Grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin To-day.

X.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I'll love,
His Praiſes aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the Armies above
To ſhout his adorable Name.
To gaze on his Glories divine
Shall be my eternal Employ,
And feel them inceſſantly ſhine,
My boundleſs ineffable Joy.

2 He freely redeem'd, with his Blood,
My Soul from the Confines of Hell,
To live on the Smiles of my God,
And in his ſweet Preſence to dwell?
To ſhine with the Angels of Light,
With Saints and with Seraphs to ſing,
To view with eternal Delight,
My Jeſus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In *Meſheck*, as yet, I reſide,
A darkſome and reſtleſs Abode!
Moleſted with Foes on each Side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O, when ſhall my Spirit exchange
This Cell of corruptible Clay,
For Manſions celeſtial, and range
Thro' Realms of ineffable Day!

4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To ſee thee deſcend on the Cloud,
Amidſt the bright numberleſs Throng,
And mix with the triumphing Croud.
O, when wilt thou bid me aſcend,
To join in thy Praiſes above,
To gaze on thee, World without End,
And feaſt on thy raviſhing Love.

5 Nor Sorrow, nor Sickneſs, nor Pain,
Nor Sin, nor Temptation, nor Fear,
Shall ever moleſt me again,
Perfection of Glory reigns there.
This Soul and this Body ſhall ſhine,
In Robes of Salvation and Praiſe,
And banquet on Pleaſures divine,
Where God his full Beauty diſplays.

6 Ye Palaces, Sceptres, and Crowns,
Your Pride with Diſdain I ſurvey;
Your Pomps are but ſhadows and ſounds,
And paſs in a Moment away:
The Crown that my Savior beſtows,
Yon permanent Sun ſhall outſhine;
My Joy everlaſtingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

XI.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No Muſic like thy charming Name,
Does ſound ſo ſweet to me.
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In Mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
T hougreat Melchiſedec. Hallelujah.

2 Our Jeſus ſtill ſhall be our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay,
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely Name,
When all things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favor'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Jeſus be our Song. Hallelujah.

XII.

1 SOLDIERS of Chriſt ariſe,
And put your Armour on:
Strong in the Grace which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hoſts,
And in his mighty Power,

Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than Conqueror.

2 That bloody Banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Rush to engage the foe with me,
My fellow Soldiers fight;
In mighty Phalanx join'd,
To Battle all proceed;
Fill'd with the spirit and the mind,
Of your victorious Head.

3 Urge on your rapid Course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
And yields to violent hands:
See there the starry Crown
Shines glittering through the skies,
Your foes attack, subdue, tread down,
And take the glorious Prize!

4 No enemy can stand
Our ancient Conqueror;
Millions shall fall beneath his hand,
Who leads us to the war:
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall;

Jesus hath dy'd for you and me;
Believe and conquer all.

XIII.

1 THOU God of glorious Majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful Worm, I cry:
An half awaken'd Child of Man,
An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
A Sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow Neck of Land,
'Tween two unbounded Seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that heavenly Place,
Or shuts me up in Hell!

3 O God, my inmost Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless Heart
Eternal Things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
And tremble on the brink of Fate,
And wake to Righteousness.

4 Before me place in bright Array,
[illegible]mp of that tremendous Day,
[illegible] thou with Clouds shalt come,

To judge the Nations at thy Bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful Doom?

5 Be this my one great Business here,
With holy Joy, and holy Fear,
To make my Calling sure!
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil
And suffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure!

6 Then, Savior, then my Soul receive,
Transported from this Vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
And Hope in full supreme Delight
And everlasting Love.

XIV.

1 DAY of Judgment, Day of Wonders!
Hark, the Trumpet's awful Sound,
Louder than a thousand Thunders,
Shakes the vast Creation round!
How the Summons
Will the Sinner's Heart confound!

2 See the Judge our Nature wearing,
Cloth'd in Majesty divine!

Jesus hath dy'd for you and me:
Believe and conquer all.

XIII.

1 THOU God of glorious
To thee, against myself
A sinful Worm, I cry:
An half awaken'd Child of
An Heir of endless Bliss o
A Sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow Neck o
'Tween two unbounded S
Yet how insensible!
A Point of Time, a Mo
Removes me to that hea
Or shuts me up in H

3 O God, my inmost So
And deeply on my th
Eternal Things imp
Give me to feel their
And tremble on the
And wake to Rig

4 Before me place in
The Pomp of
When

You who long for his Appearing,
Then ſhall ſay this God is mine!
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that Day for thine!

3 At his Call the Dead awaken,
Riſe to Life from Earth and Sea:
All the Powers of Nature ſhaken
By his Looks prepare to flee:
Careleſs Sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4 Horrors paſt Imagination,
Will ſurpriſe your trembling Heart,
When you hear your Condemnation,
"Hence, accurſed Wretch depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his Angels, have thy Part!"

5 But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the Lord below;
He will ſay, "Come near, ye Bleſſed,
"See the Kingdom I beſtow:
"You for ever
"Shall my Love and Glory know."

6 Under Sorrows and Reproaches,
May this Thought our Courage raiſe!

Swiftly God's great Day approaches,
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to Praiſe;
We ſhall triumph
When the World is in a Blaze.

XV.

1 LO! he comes with Clouds deſcending,
Once for favor'd Sinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand Saints attending
Swell the Triumph of his Train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Every Eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at Nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Meſſiah ſee.

3 Every Iſland, Sea, and Mountain,
Heaven and Earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him muſt, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day;
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away!

4 Now Redemption long expected,
See! in ſolemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air!
Hallelujah!
See the Day of God appear!

5 Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, Lord, the general Doom!
The new Heaven and Earth t'inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles Home:
All Creation
Travails! Groans! and bids thee come.

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted Throne.
Savior, take the Power and Glory:
Claim the Kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

XVI.

1 MARK the ſoft-falling Snow,
And the diffuſive Rain;
To Heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again:

But waters Earth
Thro' every Pore,
And calls forth all
Its ſecret Store.

2 Array'd in beauteous Green
The Hills and Vallies ſhine,
And Man and Beaſt is fed
By Providence divine:
The Harveſt bows
Its golden Ears,
The copious Seed
Of future Years.

3 " So, ſaith the God of Grace,
" My Goſpel ſhall deſcend,
" Almighty to effect
" The Purpoſe I intend:
" Millions of Souls
" Shall feel its Pow'r,
" And bear it down
" To Millions more.

4 " Joy ſhall begin your March,
" And Peace protect your Ways,
" While all the Mountains round
" Echo melodious Praiſe:

"The vocal Groves
"Shall ſing the God,
"And ev'ry Tree
"Conſenting nod."

XVII.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy Word
Of promiſe to the Poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's Door!
No heart, nor hand, O Lord, but thine,
Can help and pity Wants like mine.

2 The Beggar's uſual Plea,
Relief from Men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'ſt diſdain;
And Pleas which move thy gracious Ear
Are ſuch as Men would ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no Right to ſay,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a Day
When I poſſeſſed more:
Thou know'ſt that from my very Birth,
I've been the pooreſt Wretch on Earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As Beggars often do,
Tho' great is my Distress,
My Faults have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my Soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere Folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast relieved my Pain,
And often I must come again.

5 Tho' Crumbs are much too good
For such a Dog as I,
No less than Children's Food
My Soul can satisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy Bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and Hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's Store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy Thoughts, thou Only Wise!
Our Thoughts and Ways transcend,
Far as the arched Skies
Above the Earth extend:
Such Pleas as mine Men would not hear
But God receives a Beggar's Pray'r.

XVIII.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient Days,
Not only had a View
Of Sinai in a Blaze,
But learn'd the Gospel too:
The Types and Figures were a Glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's Face.

2 The paschal Sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled Door,
Seen with enlighten'd Eyes,
And once apply'd with Pow'r,
Would teach the Need of other Blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect Innocence,
Whose Blood of matchless Worth,
Should be the Soul's defence;

For he who can for Sin atone,
Muſt have no Failings of his own.

4 The Scape-goat on his Head
The People's Treſpaſs bore,
And to the Deſert led,
Was to be ſeen no more:
In him our Surety ſeem'd to ſay,
"Behold, I bear your Sins away."

5 Dipp'd in his fellow's Blood,
The living Bird went free;
The Type, well underſtood;
Expreſs'd the ſinner's Plea;
Deſcrib'd a guilty Soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's Death diſcharg'd.

6 Jeſus, I love to trace
Throughout the ſacred Page,
The Footſteps of thy Grace,
The ſame in ev'ry Age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer Light vouchſaf'd to me!

XIX.

1 O Ye immortal Throng
Of Angels round the Throne,

Join with our feeble Song,
To make the Saviour known:
On Earth ye knew
His wond'rous Grace,
His beauteous Face
In Heav'n ye view.

2 Ye saw the Heav'n-born Child
In human Flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the Manger laid:
And Praise to God,
And Peace on Earth,
For such a Birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the Wilderness
Beheld the Tempter spoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry Dress,
In ev'ry Combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The Victor's Head,
When Satan fled
Before his Frown.

4 Around the bloody Tree
Ye press'd with strong Desire,

That won'drous Sight to ſee,
The Lord of Life expire;
And, could your Eyes
Have known a Tear,
Had dropp'd it there,
In ſad Surpriſe.

5 Around his ſacred Tomb,
A willing Watch ye keep;
Till the bleſt Moment come
To rouſe Him from his Sleep;
Then roll'd the Stone,
And all ador'd
Your riſing Lord
With Joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in Light
The ſhining Conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous Flight
Up to the Throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden Wings,
And ſtruck your Strings
Of ſweeteſt Sound.

7 The warbling Notes purſue,
And louder Anthems raiſe;

While Mortals ſing with you
Their own Redeemer's Praiſe:
And thou, my Heart,
With equal Flame,
And Joy the ſame,
Perform thy Part.

XX.

1 HE dies! the Friend of Sinners die
Lo! Salem's Daughters weep arou
A ſolemn Darkneſs veils the Skies!
A ſudden Trembling ſhakes the grou
Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or tw
For him who groan'd beneath your lo
He ſhed a thouſand Drops for you,
A thouſand Drops of richer Blood

2 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degre
The Lord of Glory dies for Man!
But Lo! what ſudden Joys we ſee!
Jeſus the Dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the Tomb!
Up to his Father's Court he flies;
Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
And ſhout him welcome to the Ski

3 Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and
How high our great Deliv'rer reign

Sing how he ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell,
And led the Monſter Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wonderous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the Monſter, "Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy Victory, boaſting Grave?"

XXII.

1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims, through this barren Land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful Hand;
Bread of Heaven, &c.
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the cryſtal Fountain
Whence the healing Waters flow,
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar
Lead us all our Journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer, &c.
Be thou ſtill our Strength and Shield.

3 When we tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious Fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and Hell's Deſtruction,

Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of Praises, &c.
We will ever give to thee.

XXII.

1 IN Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mc
How happy are we,
Our Calling who see,
And venture alone for Salvation on t
2 Our seeking thy Face,
Was all of thy Grace, [the Pr
Thy Mercy demands, and shall hav
No Sinner can be,
Beforehand with thee, [
Thy Grace is preventing, almighty,
3 Yet one Thing we want,
More Holiness grant [we p
For more of thy Mind, and thine Ir
Thine Image impress
On thy chosen Race,
O polish, and fashion thy Vessels of G
4 Thy Workmanship we
More fully would be, [to t
Lord, take us in Hand, and conforn

While onward we move,
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holineſs, fill us with love.

6 Vouchſafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for Heaven and glory beſtow;
O love and defend,
And ſave to the end,
Till we to the regions above ſhall aſcend.

XXIII.

1 BEGIN, ye Saints. the happy ſong,
Let love inſpire the theme;
'Tis Jeſu's grace,
That calls for our praiſe,
'Twas Jeſus alone did redeem.

2 When juſtice fix'd the ſinner's fate
In endleſs woe to dwell,
'Twas Jeſus that ſtood
Reſiſting to blood,
And ranſom'd the ſinner from hell.

3 Our only advocate and friend,
The mighty work he wrought;
When bowing his head,

"'Tis finish'd," he said;
O sinner, exult at the thought!

4 A spotless victim to the cross
Himself he thus resign'd;
Then enter'd the grave
The wretched to save,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

5 Lo! now in bliss our cause he pleads
'Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

6 Then let us lift our loudest praise
To Sion's holy King;
He's worthy we own,
Who sits on the throne;
Hosanna to Jesus we sing.

XXIV.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come;
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,

The houſe of our Father above,
The palace of angels, and God.

2 Our mourning will vaniſh and end,
When rais'd by the life-giving word,
We ſee the new city deſcend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord;
The city ſo holy and clean,
No ſorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or ſin,
No ſhadow of evil is there!

By faith we already behold
That lovely Jeruſalem here,
Her walls are of jaſper and gold,
As cryſtal her buildings appear:
Immoveably founded in grace,
She ſtands, as ſhe ever hath ſtood,
And brightly her builder diſplays,
And flames with the glory of God.

No need of the ſun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jeſus's beauties diſplay,
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their ſun,
And lo! by reflection they ſhine,

With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward,
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile, of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love,
Is kindled by Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

XXV.

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine the better part!

3 O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary at the Maſter's feet,
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heaven, on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

4 O that I could with favour'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt.

XXVI.

1 THro' Chriſt when we together came,
In ſingleneſs of heart,
We met, O Jeſus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one:
And each to each in Jeſus join'd,
We happily go on.

3 Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and pray'r,
We Abba! Father! cry.

4 O may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travails still
Direct, and be our constant guard,
To Zion's holy hill!

5 Oh what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades!
White are the robes we all shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

6 Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day,
When we shall dwell at home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jesus, quickly come!

XXVII.

1 COME on my partners in distress,
My comrades thro' the wilderness;
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And take the mount of God.

3 Who ſuffer with our Maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down;
To patient faith the prize is ſure,
And all, that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 O heavenly bliſs, inſpiring hope,
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up!
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt,
Triumphant with our head.

5 That great myſterious Deity,
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee,
The beatific ſight;
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze,
Of everlaſting light.

XXVIII.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!

Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation!
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Bless, and praise thee without ceasing
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee;
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

XXIX.

1 COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,

To a taſte of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
And by hope we the rapture improve:
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

3 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great king?
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing?

4 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorified throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join?
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres;
For the burden is mercy divine.

5 Hallelujah they cry
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM:
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb:

XXX.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
And inly ſigh for thy repoſe;
My heart is pain'd nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah tear it thence! and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repoſe in thee.

3 Hide ſelf from me, and let it die,
That Chriſt in me alone may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive.

In all things nothing may I ſee,
Or ought deſire, or ſeek but thee.

4 O Love! thy ſovereign aid impart,
To ſave me from low grov'ling care;
Chaſe this ſelf-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy loving child, that I
Ceaſeleſs, may Abba, Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul and ſay,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice!

XXXI.

1 WHAT tho' my frail eyelids refuſe,
Continual watching to keep,
And always as midnight enſues,
Demand the refreſhment of ſleep;
A ſov'reign Protector I have,
Unſeen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to ſave,
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil ſecure and its dread,
I reſt if my Saviour is nigh;
And ſongs his kind preſence indeed,
Shall in the night ſeaſon ſupply,
He ſmiles and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew ſhall deſcend;
The walls of ſalvation ſurround,
The ſoul he delights to defend.

3 Inſpirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I ſleeping and waking reſign;
If thou art my ſhield and my ſun,
The night is no darkneſs to me;
And faſt as my moments roll on,
They bring me the nearer to thee.

4 Thy miniſt'ring ſpirits deſcend,
To watch while thy ſaints are aſleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of ſalvation to keep:
Bright ſeraphs diſpatch'd from the thr
Repair to their ſtations aſſign'd,
And angels elect are ſent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

5 Thy worſhip no interval knows,
Their fervor is ſtill on the wing;
And while they proteſt my repoſe,
They chant to the praiſe of my king:
I too in the ſeaſon ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever ſhall join,
And love and adore without end,
Their faithful creator and mine.

XXXII.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Jeſus, our great high prieſt,
Hath full atonement made,
Ye weary ſpirits, reſt,
Ye mourning ſouls be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

3 The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;

Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
Secure in Jeſus dwell
And on his fulneſs live;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

XXXIII.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and ſkies reply,
Praiſe ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our ſorrows bore,
Sing aloud evermore;
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Jeſus, our Lord and God,
Bore our tremendous load,
Praiſe ye his name:
Sing how he fought alone,
Tell what his arm hath done,
What ſpoils from death he won;
Worthy the Lamb,

3 While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praiſing his name:
Thoſe who have felt his blood,
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join all ye ranſom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bleſs,
Praiſe ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noiſe,
Shouting with heart and voice;
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we ſhall never ceaſe
Praiſing his name:
To him our ſongs we bring,
Hail him, our gracious king,
And without ceaſing ſing;
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hoſts above,
In realms of endleſs love,

Praiſe his dear name:
To him aſcribed be
Honour and majeſty,
Thro' all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

XXXIV.

1 IF Jeſus is ours
We have a true friend;
His goodneſs endures
The ſame to the end:
Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline;
We cannot miſcarry,
Our aid is divine.

2 Can women forget
Their ſucklings at home,
And cruelly treat
The fruit of their womb?
Yet God hath engraven
Our names on his hand,
Our building in heaven
For ever ſhall ſtand.

3 A moment he hid
The light of his face,

Yet firmly decreed
To ſave us by grace;
And tho' he reprov'd us,
And ſtill ſhould reprove,
Yet ever he lov'd us,
And ever will love.

Though God may delay
To ſhew us his light,
And heavineſs may
Endure for a night;
Yet joy in the morning
Shall ſurely abound?
No ſhadow of turning
In Jeſus is found.

Then tune ev'ry ſtring
To Jeſus's name,
With angels we ſing
The ſong of the Lamb:
Thee ev'ry believer
Shall joyfully praiſe,
The bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

XXXV.

FROM Sheba a diſtant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,

Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when ſhe came;
She cry'd, with a pleaſing ſurpriſe,
When firſt ſhe before him appear'd,
" How much, what I ſee with my eyes,
Surpaſſes the rumour I heard! "

2 When once to Jeruſalem come,
The treaſure and train ſhe had brought,
The wealth ſhe poſſeſſed at home,
No longer had place in her thought:
His houſe, *his* attendants, *his* throne,
All ſtruck her with wonder and awe;
The glory of Solomon ſhone
In every object ſhe ſaw.

3 But Solomon moſt ſhe admir'd,
Whoſe ſpirit conducted the whole;
His wiſdom, which God had inſpir'd,
His bounty and greatneſs of ſoul;
Of all the hard queſtions ſhe put,
A ready ſolution he ſhew'd;
Exceeded her wiſh and her ſuit,
And more than ſhe aſk'd him beſtow'd.

4 Thus I when the goſpel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wiſdom for which he is fam'd,
The love which to ſinners he bears;

I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his presence might bow;
I saw, and transported I cry'd,
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

5 My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubts and hard questions oppos'd:
But He restor'd peace to my mind,
And answer'd each doubt I propos'd:
Beholding me poor and distress'd,
His bounty supply'd all my wants;
My pray'r could have never express'd
So much as this Solomon grants.

6 I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold
Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy thy servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

XXXVI.

1 SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Sion's Mount I heard the sound:
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature smil'd around.

The voice of peace ſalutes mine ear!
Chriſt's lovely voice perfumes the air.

2 Peace, troubled ſoul, whoſe plaintive moan
Hath taught theſe rocks the note of woe:
Ceaſe thy complaint, ſuppreſs thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, the precious balm is found,
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy [wound.

3 Come, freely come, by ſin oppreſt,
Unburthen here, the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy reſt,
Safe in the boſom of thy God.
Thy God's thy Savior, glorious word!
That ſheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring ſword.

4 As ſpring the winter, day the night,
Peace ſorrow's gloom ſhall chaſe away;
And ſmiling joy, a ſeraph bright,
Shall tend thy ſteps, and near thee ſtay;
Whilſt glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

XXXVII.

1 *LOUD to the* prince of heav'n
Your cheerful voices raiſe;

To him your vows be giv'n,
And fill his courts with praiſe;
With conſcious worth
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He ſallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring ſword,
Aſcend the ſhining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war;
Before his wheels,
In glad ſurpriſe,
Ye vallies riſe,
And ſink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and ſmiling love,
And injur'd righteouſneſs,
In thy retinue move,
And ſeek from thee redreſs;
Thou in their cauſe
Shall proſp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Diſpenſe thy laws.

4 *Before thine* awful face
Millions of foes ſhall fall,

The captives of thy grace,
That grace, which conquers all.
The world ſhall know,
Great king of kings,
What wond'rous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing ſoul
Bend thy triumphant way,
Here ev'ry foe controul,
And all thy pow'r diſplay;
My heart, thy throne,
Bleſt Jeſus, ſee
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

XXXVIII.

1 AMAZING beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with tranſport range
The lovely ſcene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine!
Be thine the praiſe.

ee cryſtal fountains play
.midſt the burning ſands;
'he river's winding way
hines thro' the thirſty lands;
New graſs is ſeen,
And o'er the meads,
Its carpet ſpreads
Of living green.

/here pointed brambles grew,
ntwin'd with horrid thorn,
ay flow'rs for ever new
he painted fields adorn:
The bluſhing roſe,
And lily there,
In union fair
Their ſweets diſcloſe.

/here the bleak mountain ſtood,
.ll bare and diſarray'd,
ee the wide branching wood
'iffuſe its grateful ſhade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confeſs the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain,
Their ſavage chace give o'er;
No more they rend the ſlain,
And thirſt for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers ſtroke,
And lions yoke
In flow'ry bands.

6 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall theſe glad ſcenes ariſe;
To verify thy word,
And bleſs our wond'ring eyes!
That earth may raiſe,
With all its Tongues,
United ſongs
Of ardent praiſe.

XXXIX.

1 WHat think you of Chriſt? is the teſt
To try both your ſtate and your [ſcheme
You cannot be right in the reſt,
Unleſs you think rightly of him.
As Jeſus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is diſpoſed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at moſt:
Sure, theſe have not feelings like me,
Nor know themſelves wretched and loſt:
So guilty, ſo helpleſs am I,
I durſt not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unleſs I were ſure he is God.

3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
A little, they own, they may fail,
They purpoſe to make up full weight,
By caſting his name in the ſcale.

4 Some ſtyle him the pearl of great price,
And ſay he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiſs,
And while they ſalute him, betray;
Ah! what will profeſſion like this
Avail in his terrible day?

3 If aſk'd what of Jeſus I think?
Tho', ſtill my beſt thoughts are but poor,
I ſay he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my ſtrength, and my ſtore;
My ſhepherd, my huſband, my friend,
My ſaviour from ſin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

XL.

1 CHRIST's name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould, were he alway ſo nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

2 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;

And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

XLI.

ZACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown,
But how surpris'd was he,
When Jesus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
"Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my case?
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."
Thus where the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear,

The hearts of ſome are reach'd
Before they are aware:
The word directly ſpeaks to them,
And ſeems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curioſity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to ſee,
And hear what he can ſay;
But how the ſinner ſtarts to find,
The preacher knows his inmoſt mind.

5 His long-forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his ſecret thoughts,
Reveal'd in public too:
Tho' compaſs'd with a croud about,
The ſearching word has found him out.

6 While thus diſtreſſing pain
And ſorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart;
Then like Zaccheus he is bleſt,
And Jeſus deigns to be his gueſt.

XLII.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who ſpreads his triumphs wide,

'hile Jesu's fragrant name
breath'd on every side :
Balmy and rich
The odours rise,
And fill the earth
And reach the skies.

en thousand dying souls
s influence feel and live ;
weeter than vital air
he incense they receive ;
They breathe anew,
And rise and sing
Jesus the Lord,
Their conqu'ring king.

ut sinners scorn the grace,
hat brings salvation nigh ;
'hey turn their face away,
nd faint, and fall, and die !
So sad a doom,
Ye saints, deplore,
Of those that fall
To rise no more.

'et, wise and mighty God,
hall all thy servants be,

In thoſe, who live or die,
A Saviour ſweet to thee;
Supremely bright
Thy grace ſhall ſhine,
Guarded with flames
Of wrath divine.

XLIII.

1 STOP, poor ſinner! ſtop an
Before you farther go!
Will you ſport upon the brink
Of everlaſting woe?
Once again, I charge you, ſtop!
For, unleſs you warning take,
Unawares you'll ſurely drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppoſe?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his fo
Can you ſtand in that dread day,
When he judgment ſhall proclaim
And the earth ſhall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

Dreadful death will quickly come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you croud,
Sins of deepest crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
Tho' they now despise his grace,
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who seek shall be deny'd,
He says, "and yet there's room."

XLIV.

1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raiſe thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boaſt ſalvation nigh:
Cheerful in God,
Ariſe and ſhine,
While rays divine
Stream all around.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all reſplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form ſhall view,
With luſtre new
Divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that ſacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkneſs bright;
Purſue his praiſe,
Till ſov'reign love,
In worlds above
The glory raiſe.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter ſun ſhall riſe,
And with his radiance fill
Thoſe fairer purer ſkies:
While round his throne
Ten thouſand ſtars,
In nobler ſpheres
His influence own.

XLV.

1 YE ſimple ſouls, that ſtray
Far from the path of peace,
That lonely unfrequented way
To life and happineſs:
Why will ye folly love,
And run the downward road,
And hate the wiſdom from above,
And mock the ſons of God?

2 Madneſs and miſery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great, or good can ſee,
Or glorious in our death:
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obſcure
The men, whom ye deſpiſe,
So fooliſh, impotent and poor,
Above your ſcorn we riſe;
We, through the Holy Ghoſt,
Can witneſs better things:
For he, whoſe blood is all our boaſt,
Hath made us prieſts and kings.

4 Riches unſearchable
In Jeſu's love we know;
And pleaſures, ſpringing from the well
Of life, our ſouls o'erflow;
The ſpirit we receive
Of wiſdom, grace and power;
And always ſorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our ſervants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their watchful hands they bear
The ſacred ſons of grace;
Unto the heavenly bliſs
They all our ſteps attend,
And God himſelf our Father is,
And Jeſus is our Friend.

6 In him we walk in white,
We in his image ſhine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteouſneſs divine:
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

XLVI.

1 THE church in her militant ſtate
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The ſaints in an agony wait
To ſee him again in the air;
The ſpirit invites in the bride
Her heavenly Lord to deſcend,
And place her enthron'd at his ſide
In glory, that never ſhall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry;
O Jeſus, in triumph appear,
Deſcend on the clouds of the ſky!
Whom only I languiſh to love,
In fulneſs of majeſty come,
And give me a manſion above,
And take to my heavenly home;

XLVII.

1 O THAT I could revere
My much offended God!
O that I could but ſtand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threat'nings move;
And keep an abject ſoul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Shew me the naked ſword
Impending o'er my head,
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed:
With ſacred horror fly
From every ſinful ſnare;
Nor ever in my Judge's eye
My Judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conſcious awe impart,
The grace be now on me beſtow'd,
The tender, fleſhly heart:
For Jeſu's ſake alone
The ſtony heart remove,
And melt at laſt, O melt me down
Into the mould of love!

XLVIII.

1 AH, whither ſhould I go,
Burden'd, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary ſinner home,
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſus, the hind'rance ſhow,
Which I have fear'd to ſee,
And let me now conſent to know,
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power diſplay,

Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee,
Compaſſion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'ſt fain
Remove it, and I ſhall declare,
That God is only love.

XLIX.

1 ALL thanks be to God
Who ſcatters abroad
Throughout every place
By the leaſt of his ſervants his
Who the victory gave,
The praiſe let him have,
For the work he hath done
All honour and glory to Jeſus

2 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And reſcu'd from ſin,
And admitted the harlots and p

They have heard the glad ſound,
They have liberty found
Through the blood of the Lamb;
Ind plentiful pardon in Jeſus's name,

And ſhall we not ſing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witneſſes, we
Vith rapture aſcribe our ſalvation to thee;
Thou, Jeſus, haſt bleſs'd,
And believers increas'd,
Who thankfully own, [lone.
Ve are freely forgiven through mercy a-

His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
o mightily wrought in the primitive days:
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confeſs, [and peace!
.nd embrace the glad tidings of pardon

L.

THE choſen few remain,
And wait with faith and love,

All zealous to obtain,
The promiſe from above:
When lo! to make their minds attend
Down comes a ruſhing mighty wind.

2 The ſudden ſolemn ſound,
Pervades the ſacred room,
Like harbinger profound,
Declares the God is come;
When lo! the cloven tongues of fire
Adorn their heads, and hearts inſpire.

3 Replete with heavenly grace,
They tune peculiar ſongs,
And all begin to praiſe,
With new, with various tongues;
The Holy Spirit fills their hearts,
And gifts of wond'rous power imparts.

4 The Spirit ſtill remains,
Poſſeſs'd by every ſaint,
And ſtill the Saviour reigns
The benefit to grant:
O that his love was ſhed abroad,
And all receiv'd the promis'd God.

5 *O Holy Ghoſt*, come down,
While thus we pray and ſing,

O make thy glory known
And our ſalvation bring;
Then ſhall we ſpeak with diff'rent voice,
And all our ſouls in God rejoice.

LI.

DETESTED from my very heart,
Thou hateful monſter ſin, depart,
Thou art my greateſt foe;
Thou art the cauſe of all my grief,
Of all my burdens thou art chief,
And ſource of all my woe.

Faſhion and pride, and gay attire,
That ſet my paſſions late on fire,
Vain ſhow, and gaudy dreſs,
No more can you ſupply my wants;
The robe for which my boſom pants
Is Jeſu's righteouſneſs.

ı that pure robe completely clad,
'y tongue ſhall ſing, my heart be glad,
And Chriſt ſhall be my theme;
: ſet me free from Satan's yoke,
e chains of reigning ſin he broke,
Ie did my ſoul redeem!

4 Here then, dear Saviour, to thy prai
The ſong of gratitude I raiſe,
And tune my voice to thee,
Thou art my prophet, prieſt, and kin
And of that wond'rous love I'll ſing,
Which thou haſt ſhewn to me.

LII.

1 WHEN I travail in diſtreſs,
Or grief of any kind,
Burden'd with uneaſineſs,
And anguiſh on my mind;
One ſweet ray of heavenly light,
Breaks up the clouds that come betw
Turns to day the gloomy night,
And quite renews the ſcene.

2 My complaints with ſpeed remove,
My ſorrows turn to joy,
Songs of melody and love,
Again my tongue employ;
Then I enter into reſt,
Again I call Immanuel mine:
And like John, upon his breaſt,
My weary head recline.

LIII.

1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I fain would embrace,
Thy name and thy nature, thy spirit and grace,
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him, whom the nations abhorr'd.

O wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger the ancient of days;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.

For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head,
While hanging an ensign in garments so red;
My spirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My soul is redeemed; salvation is won.

My God is returned to glory on high;
When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly,
And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all shall be join'd.

LIV.

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous fall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Think, how on the cross he hung,
And bore a thousand wounds!
Hark, from each as with a tongue
The voice of pardon sounds!
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood, of wond'rous virtue, flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

Though his majeſty be great,
His mercy is no leſs;
Though he thy tranſgreſſions hate,
He feels for thy diſtreſs:
By himſelf the Lord has ſworn,
He delights not in thy pain;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'ſt live and reign.

Raiſe thy downcaſt eyes and ſee
What throngs his throne ſurround!
Theſe, though ſinners once like thee,
Have full ſalvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief!
While he ſays, "There yet is room;"
Though of ſinners thou art chief,
Since Jeſus calls thee,—come.

LV.

JESUS, let me taſte thy grace,
And feel thy pureſt love;
Guard me in this wilderneſs,
And all my foes remove.

Ev'ry hind'rance, Lord, withdraw,
And let me reach the promis'd land;
While I ſojourn here below,
Protect me with thy hand.

2 Worldly pleaſures all are vain,
Yet I the trifles lov'd;
Now I do their charms diſdain,
Their emptineſs I've prov'd:
Only in thy grace I truſt,
And feel the pleaſures of thy love;
Only in thy merits boaſt,
And in thee live and move.

3 I was ſatan's willing ſlave,
Till Chriſt, my heavenly King,
Pleas'd my wretched ſoul to ſave
From all the pow'r of ſin:
Me he rais'd from deep deſpair,
And ſhew'd to me his ſmiling face;
Heard my ſighs and mournful pray'r,
And deck'd me with his grace.

LVI.

1 SWEET the moments rich in bleſſing
Which before the croſs I ſpend;

Life and health, and peace poſſeſſing,
From the ſinner's dying friend.
Here I'll ſit for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams in ſtreams of blood;
Precious drops my ſoul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly bleſſed is this ſtation
Low before his croſs to lie;
While I ſee divine compaſſion
Floating in his languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much, I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Conſtant ſtill in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

LVII.

1 JOIN all ye joyful nation
Th' acclaiming hoſts of
This happy morn a child is borr
To us a Son is given:
The wonderful Meſſiah,
The joy of every nation,
Jeſus his name, with God the ſa
The Lord of all creation.

2 Go ſee the king of glory,
Behold the heavenly ſtrang
So poor and mean his court an ir
His cradle is a manger,
Whom all the angels worſh
Lies hid in human nature;
Incarnate ſee the deity,
The infinite creator.

3 Gaze on the helpleſs object
Of endleſs adoration!
Thoſe infant hands ſhall burſt ot
And work out our ſalvatior
Strike through the crooked
Deſtroy his works for ever,
And open ſet the heavenly gate
To every true believer.

LVIII.

1 HEARTS of ſtone, relent, relent,
Break by Jeſu's croſs ſubdu'd,
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood!
Sinful ſoul, what haſt thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal ſon!

2 Yes, our ſins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him there,
Crown'd with thorns his ſacred head,
Pierc'd him with a ſoldier's ſpear,
Made his ſoul a ſacrifice;
For a ſinful world he dies.

3 Shall I let him die in vain?
Still to death purſue my God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all my ſins I'll part:
Jeſu's love hath broke my heart.

LIX.

1 COME, fellow-mourner, come with me
The manſions of the dead to ſee;

Soft pillows here invite the head;
Here thou wilt find a ſofter bed,
Than rich and great
To vice inclin'd,
In pomp and ſtate
Can ever find.

2 Hope bloſſoms here without decay
Anticipation paints the day,
When the long ſleepers ſhall ariſe
To meet their Saviour in the ſkies
So dazzling bright
The ſcene appears,
Revives the ſight,
The boſom cheers.

3 The greateſt bleſſing thou canſt cr
For thy frail body is the grave;
Here thou canſt never be oppreſt,
For here the weary are at reſt;
At peace thy mind
And far from woes,
Here thou ſhalt find
A calm repoſe.

4 In patience wait, and cheerful ſtay
Till Jeſus calls thy ſoul away,

This life is ſhort, and death is ſure,
Patient thy trials here endure;
Soon wing'd with love
Thy ſoul ſhall fly,
To joys above
That never die.

LX.

1 HARK! how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound;
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
The powers of hell ſurround:
Who bow to Chriſt's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go, wage the glorious war!

2 See on the mountain-top
The ſtandard of your God!
In Jeſu's name I lift it up,
All ſtain'd with hallow'd blood.
His ſtandard-bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jeſu's croſs draw nigh!
He bore the croſs for all.

3 Go up with Chrift your head,
  Your captain's footfteps fee :
Follow your captain, and be led
  To certain victory.
All power to him is given :
  He ever reigns the fame :
Salvation, happinefs, and heaven
  Are all in Jefu's name.

4 Only have faith in God,
  In faith your foes affail ;
Not wreftling againft flefh and blood,
  But all the powers of hell :
From thrones of glory driven,
  By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
  And rule the lower world.

LXI.

1 THE Lord my pafture fhall prepare,
  And feed me with a fhepherd's care;
His prefence fhall my wants fupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he fhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

2 When in the fultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirfty mountain pant,

ertile vales, and dewy meads,
weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
ere peaceful rivers, ſoft and flow,
d the verdant landſcape flow.

' in the paths of death I tread,
h gloomy horrors overſpread,
ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
l guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

' in a bare and rugged way,
o' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile;
th ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
l ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

LXII.

'HE Lord of Glory reigns ſupremely great, [ſeat;
l o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal
o' worlds unknown his ſov'reign ſway extends, [ends:
ſpace nor time his boundleſs empire

His eye beholds th'affairs of every nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immenſe creation.

2 Lightnings and ſtorms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way:
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him ſtand,
And on his ſignal all their wings expand:
His praiſe gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

3 Rebellious mortals, ceaſe your tumults vain
Nor longer ſuch unequal war maintain;
Let clay with fellow clay in combat ſtrive,
But dread to brave the pow'r, by which you live:
With contrite hearts fall proſtrate and adore him,
For, if he frowns, ye periſh all before him.

LXIII.

1 BEHOLD the great eternal God,
Spreads everlaſting arms abroad,
And calls our ſouls to ſhelter there:
Wonder of mingled pow'r and grace
To all his Iſrael he diſplays,
Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble ſoul ſhall fly,
When terrors preſs and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tow'r I rear my head
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidſt ſurrounding hoſts of hell.

3 The ſhadow of th' almighty's wings
Compoſure unmoleſted brings, [croud;
While threat'ning horrors round me
In vain the ſtorms of rattling hail
The walls of this retreat aſſail,
And the wild tempeſt roars aloud.

4 In louder ſtrains my fearleſs tongue
Shall warble its victorious ſong,
My Father's graces to proclaim;
He bears his infant offspring on
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name.

LXIV.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with ſuch a heart as mi
Unleſs thou hold me faſt,
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 Yet thou alone haſt pow'r, I know,
To ſave a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the Chriſt of God,
Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my caſe;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me reſ
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me ble
And ſatisfy my heart.

7 What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtir
If I will alſo go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer, No.

LXV.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish Foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
'Jesus who bled
'Hath left the dead;
'He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the ſound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Tranſported cry,
'Jeſus who bled
'Hath left the dead;
'No more to die.'

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,
Who ſav'd us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou riſing, reigning God!
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

LXVI.

1 THY preſence, gracious God,
Prepare us to receive thy wo
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we l
Thus, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bl
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

)iſtracting thoughts and cares remove,
\nd fix our hearts and hopes above:
Vith food divine may we be fed,
\nd ſatisfy'd with living bread:
ıs, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
l crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

'o us thy ſacred word apply,
Vith ſov'reign pow'r and energy:
nd may we, in thy faith and fear,
educe to practice what we hear:
s, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
l crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

ıther, in us thy Son reveal;
each us to know and do thy will:
hy ſaving pow'r and love diſplay;
nd guide us to the realms of day:
s, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

LXVII.

LORD, all theſe works of thine
Become thy hand divine,
And pious thoughts inſpire:

While all thy greatneſs prove,
Thee I admire and love,
Love and admire.

2 The world's a temple, where
Thy creatures all appear
To offer praiſe and prayer:
The rocks, and hills, and trees,
On earth, in air, in ſeas,
Thy altars are.

3 The ſcaly troops that ſweep
Thro' regions of the deep,
The beaſts that feed and ſtray
Thro' mountains, woods and plains,
Confeſs Jehovah reigns,
And homage pay.

4 The feather'd tribe that ſwims
In air, with various hymns
Sound thro' the groves thy name;
While impious men alone
Thy name, thy truth, thy throne
Dare to blaſpheme.

LXVIII.

1 WHen firſt I broke my league with ſin
And to my God was reconcil'd;

My breaſt was always calm within,
Becauſe my God upon me ſmil'd;
With joy I in his houſe appear'd;
And when I pray'd he always heard.

2 Now tho' I've ſerv'd him many years,
And for his ſake reproach have borne,
My joys are turn'd to ſighs and tears,
While I his abſent favours mourn:
He ſhuts out my petitions now,
And with fierce terror arms his brow.

3 Shall I ſuppoſe he loves me leſs
Of late, than e'er he did before;
Or pleaſure takes in my diſtreſs,
While I his wonted grace implore?
Can truth itſelf untruely prove?
And love itſelf forget to love?

4 Earth from its center may be toſt,
The ſpacious heavens together furl'd,
Their order in confuſion loſt.
And time diſſolve the tottering world:
But God's firm cov'nant never moves,
And whom he once, he always loves.

5 Since there no change in God can be,
My trouble to myſelf I owe;
The guilty change is all in me,
Tho' *not* enough my guilt I know:

I'll ſearch my heart to find the ſin,
And then my God will ſmile again.

LXIX.

1 THE bands of death could not detain,
The Saviour in the dreary tomb,
The life he gave, he takes again,
And ſoars to his paternal home:
See how he mounts the ætherial height,
And flies to meet his Father God,
Triumphant wears his crown of light
And ſhews the trophies of his blood.

2 The conſcious clouds confeſs him nigh
And part to give their Maker room,
While rolling orbs thoſe worlds on high
Proclaim the Lord of glory come;
The heav'nly gates are open'd wide,
Glad to obey their King's command,
The Father takes him to his ſide,
And puts the ſceptre in his hand.

3 The angels now their harps employ
And ſpread the pleaſing tidings round,
The heavens reſplendent ſhine with joy
And hell grows pallid at the ſound,
The prince of darkneſs mourns his doom
And vanquiſh'd death bewails his loſs,

While glorious hope the ſaints reſume
And triumph in the Savior's croſs.

LXX.

1 FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic ſong began,
It ſhook the ſkies, and reach'd aſtoniſh'd [man:
By man re-echo'd, it ſhall mount again;
While fragrant odours fill the bliſsful plain.

2 Worthy the Lamb of boundleſs ſway;
In earth and heav'n the Lord of all:
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs, obey,
And low before his foot-ſtool fall.

3 The deed was done; the Lamb was ſlain;
The groaning earth the burthen bore:
He roſe, he lives; he lives to reign,
Nor time ſhall ſhake his endleſs pow'r.

4 Riches and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
The tribute pour before his ſeat,
And hail the triumphs of our king.

5 Wiſdom and ſtrength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-ſtone, ſhouting grace;
Honour has built his lofty throne,
And glory ſhines upon his face.

6 From heav'n, from earth, loud bur
praiſe,
The mighty bleſſings ſhall proclair
Bleſſings that earth to glory raiſe;
The purchaſe of the wounded Lar

7 Higher ſtill higher, ſwell the ſtrain;
Creations voice the note prolong:
The Lamb ſhall ever, ever reign:
Let Hallelujahs crown the Song.

LXXI.

1 COME, thou almighty king,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Antient of days!

2 Jeſus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd,
Lord, hear our call!

ome, thou incarnate word,
ird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'rs attend!
ome! and thy people bleſs,
nd give thy word ſucceſs,
pirit of holineſs
On us deſcend!

ome, holy Comforter,
ny ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour!
ou, who Almighty art,
ow rule in ev'ry heart,
nd ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

the great One in Three
ernal praiſes be
Hence evermore!
s ſov'reign Majeſty
ay we in glory ſee,
nd to eternity
Love and adore!

LXXII.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;

Each heavenly pow'r
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo Jesus the Saviour is born!

2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
The promise is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth
At Jesus his birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good-will of heaven is shewn
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race;
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heavens above
Where hymning seraphs sing,
Join all the glad pow'rs,
For their Lord is ours
Our prophet, our priest, and our king.

LXXIII.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;

Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

His ſov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame;
What laſting honours ſhall we rear
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

LXXIV.

O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom
no man can ſave, [may'd;
With darkneſs ſurrounded, by terrors diſ-
In toiling and rowing thy ſtrength is decay'd

2 Loud roaring the billows now r
whelm,
But ſkilful's the pilot who ſits at
His wiſdom conducts thee, his p
defends,
In ſafety and quiet thy warfare l

3 O fearful! O faithleſs! in merc
My promiſe, my truth, are the
thine eyes?
Still, ſtill I am with thee, my pr
Through tempeſt and toſſing I'll
to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot,
Engrav'd on my heart doth fo
main:
The palms of my hands while I
I ſee,
The wounds I received, when fu

5 I feel at my heart all thy ſighs
groans, [n
For thou art moſt near me, my
In all thy diſtreſſes thy head feels
Yet all are moſt needful not one i

Then truſt me and fear not; thy life is ſe-
cure; [pow'r;
My wiſdom is perfect, ſupreme is my
In love I correct thee thy ſoul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeneſs to
ſhine.

The fooliſh, the fearful, the weak are my
care, [pray'r;
The helpleſs, the hopeleſs, I hear their ſad
From all their afflictions my glory ſhall
ſpring, [they'll ſing.
The deeper their ſorrows, the louder

LXXV.

YE dying ſons of men,
Immerged in ſin and woe,
The goſpel's voice attend,
While Jeſus ſends to you:
Ye periſhing and guilty, come,
In Jeſu's arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuſes frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;

All things are ready, ſinner, come,
For every trembling ſoul there's room.

3 Believe the heav'nly word
His meſſengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backſliding ſouls, return and come,
Caſt off deſpair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring ſouls draw near,
Chriſt calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whoſoever will, now come;
In Jeſu's arms there yet is room.

LXXVI.

1 OUR Lord is riſen from the dead,
Our Jeſus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the ſolemn lay:

Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
  Ye everlaſting doors give way !

Looſe all your maſſy bars of light,
  And wide unfold th' etherial ſcene ;
He claims theſe manſions as his right,
  Receive the King of glory in !

Who is the King of glory, who ?
  The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
  And Jeſus is the conqu'ror's name.

Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
  And angels chaunt the ſolemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
  Ye everlaſting doors give way !

Who is the King of glory, who ?
  The Lord of glorious pow'r poſſeſt,
The King of ſaints and angels too,
  God over all, for ever bleſt !

LXXVII.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
  His wonders to perform ;

He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſovereign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

LXXVII.

YE angels who ſtand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous ſongs make him known,
Tune, tune your ſoft harps to his praiſe;
He form'd you the ſpirits you are,
So happy, ſo noble, ſo good,
When others ſunk down in deſpair,
Confirm'd by his power you ſtood.

Ye ſaints, who ſtand nearer than they,
And caſt your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory diſplay,
O ſing of the love, I relate:
He ſnatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ranſom'd from death and deſpair,
For you he was mighty to ſave,
Almighty to bring you ſafe there.

O when will the period appear,
That I ſhall unite in your ſong?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
I ſtruggle and pant to be free,

I long to be ſoaring away,
My God and Saviour to ſee.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Waſh'd white in the blood of th
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my ſweet harp to his r
I want! Oh I want to be there,
Where ſorrow and ſin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendſhip to
To wonder and worſhip with yo

LXXIX.

1 SOURCE of light and power
Deign upon thy truth to ſhi
Lord behold thy ſervant ſtands,
Lo! to thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his ſoul's deſire,
Touch his lips with holy fire.

2 Give the bleſſing! ſo ſhall fall
Savor ſweet on him, on all,
Till by odours ſcatter'd round,
Chriſt himſelf be trac'd and foun
Then ſhall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart.

LXXX.

O That I could but pray!
How gladly ſhould I bear
he burthen of this evil day
With the ſupport of prayer!
Happy, could I but tell
To God my inward woe,
ſy depth of wickedneſs reveal,
And all my trouble ſhew.

I ſtruggle ſtill, and fain
I would throw off my load,
tir myſelf up, and ſtrive again
To apprehend my God:
Farther he doth from me,
And farther ſtill depart;
ı vain I bow my feeble knee,
But not my ſtubborn heart.

Ah, whither, or to whom
Shall I for ſuccour fly!
Ay Saviour bids the weary come,
Yet do I not draw nigh:

I would but all in vain
To him my wants diſplay:
My heart abhors the fruitleſs pain,
I cannot, cannot pray.

4 But ſhall I then depart,
And caſt away my hope,
Yield to a wretched, faithleſs heart,
And give my Saviour up?
No, no! that killing thought
Is worſe than all I feel;
Still let me ſeek, though quite forgot,
And want my Saviour ſtill.

5 Dead as I am to God,
I will not him forego,
But patiently take up my load,
And ſuffer all my woe:
Forever will I lie,
Before his mercy-ſeat,
Though not allow'd with Mary I
To waſh, and kiſs his feet.

6 In quiet, calm diſtreſs
Will I my croſs ſuſtain,
Content to ſigh for happineſs,
And ſtrive to pray,—In vain!

he from his throne
e ſpeechleſs mourner hear
:p, unutterable groan,
e loudly-ſilent tear.

hears, he hears it now!
e anguiſh not expreſt,
ıggle of my ſoul to bow,
d fall upon his breaſt!
:nce a voice hath ſound,
:ry is in the void,
h earth and heaven my woes reſound,
d pierce the ears of God.

lare no longer doubt
; readineſs to ſave;
ſus therefore caſt me out,
:auſe no good I have?
ſinners truly poor
ll God himſelf deny?
ıot caſt me out—no more
ın he again can die!

LXXXI.

LL hail the pow'r of Jeſu's name!
Let Angels proſtrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of All.

2 Let high-born Seraphs tune their lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of All.

3 Crown Him, ye morning ſtars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the ſtrength of Iſrael's might,
And crown Him Lord of All.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his Altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown Him Lord of All.

5 Ye ſeed of Iſrael's choſen race,
Ye ranſom'd of the fall;
Hail Him who ſaves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of All.

6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of All.

7 Sinners! whoſe love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

Go—ſpread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of All.

8 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now ſhout in univerſal ſong,
And crown Him Lord of All.

LXXXII.

1 DISCONSOLATE tenant of clay,
In ſolemn aſſurance ariſe,
Thy treaſure of ſorrow ſurvey,
And look through it all to the ſkies:
That heavenly houſe is prepar'd
For all who are ſufferers here,
And wait the return of their Lord,
And long for his day to appear.

2 Who ſuffer in Jeſus's ſhame,
Shall triumph in Jeſus's love,
A child of affliction I claim
My ſure habitation above;
My ſeal of election is this,
His marks in my body I bear,
My fulneſs of infinite bliſs,
My crown of rejoicing is there.

3 There all the tempeſtuous blaſt
Of bitter affliction is o'er,
The ſpirit is landed at laſt,
And ſorrow and ſhame are no mor
Temptation, and trouble are gone,
The trial is come to an end—
And there I ſhall ceaſe to bemoan
The loſs of my brother, and frienc

4 'Tis there I ſhall meet him again
Whoſe burthen through life I muſt
No longer the cauſe of my pain,
No longer a fugitive there:
Here only the world could divide,
Here only the tempter could part,
And turn the unwary aſide,
And poiſon the innocent heart.

5 Then let me with meekneſs attend,
The word that ſhall ſummon me ho
The days of my pilgrimage end,
And bury my griefs in the tomb;
The tears ſhall be wip'd from my eyes
When him I behold with the bleſt,
Who haſten'd my ſoul to the ſkies,
And follow'd me into my reſt.

LXXXIII.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where ſin lulls all aſleep;
or thee I fain would all reſign,
nd ſail to heav'n with thee and thine.

What though the ſeas are broad,
What though the waves are ſtrong
What though tempeſtuous ſtorms
Diſtreſs me all along;
et what are ſeas, or waves, or wind
ompar'd to Chriſt, the ſinner's friend?

Chriſt is my pilot wiſe,
My compaſs is his word,
My ſoul each ſtorm defies,
While I have ſuch a Lord;
truſt his faithfulneſs and pow'r,
o ſave me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quickſands deep
Through all my paſſage lie,
Yet Chriſt ſhall ſafely keep
And guide me with his eye;

How can I ſink with ſuch a prop,
As bears the world and all things up.

5 By faith I ſee the land,
The hav'n of endleſs reſt,
My ſoul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jeſu's breaſt!
Oh may I reach the heav'nly ſhore,
Where winds and ſeas diſtreſs no more!

6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my ſtorms ſubſide,
Then to my ſuccour fly,
And keep me near thy ſide;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempeſts burſting o'er my head.

7 Come heav'nly wind, and blow
A proſperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heav'n my deſtin'd place;
Then in full ſail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

LXXXIV.

1 THOU very preſent aid
In ſuffering and diſtreſs,

The ſoul, which ſtill on thee is ſtay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace;
The ſoul by faith reclin'd
On his redeemer's breaſt,
1 raging ſtorms exults to find
An everlaſting reſt.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears,
ſtills the ſighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears,
It hallows every croſs,
It ſweetly comforts me,
nd makes me now forget my loſs,
And loſe myſelf in thee.

Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the ſin-ſick mind,
he wounded ſpirit's balm thou art,
The healer of mankind:
In deep affliction bleſt
With thee I mount above,
nd ſing, triumphantly diſtreſt,
Thine all-ſufficient love.

Jeſus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wiſhes fill,

In vain the creature-ſtreams are dry,
I have the fountain ſtill,
Stript of my earthly friends
I find them all in one,
And peace, and joy, that never ends,
And heav'n in Chriſt alone!

LXXXV.

1 *Q.* EXalted high, at God's right-hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs ſtand,
With glory crown'd in white array,
My wond'ring ſoul ſays, who are they?

2 *A.* Theſe are the ſaints belov'd of God,
Waſh'd are their robes in Jeſus's blood;
More ſpotleſs than the pureſt white,
They ſhine in uncreated light.

3 *Q.* Brighter than angels, lo, they ſhine,
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and ſay
Their order what, and whence came they?

4 *A.* Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the croſs and ſcorn'd the ſhame

Within the living temple bleſt,
In God they dwell, and on him reſt.

Q. And does the croſs thus prove their gain?
And ſhall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on ſapphire thrones to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace?

A. Hunger they ne'er ſhall feel again,
Nor burning thirſt ſhall they ſuſtain:
To wells of living waters led,
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.

Q. Unknown to mortal ears they ſing
The ſecret glories of their King:
Tell me the ſubject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praiſe?

A. Jeſus the Saviour is their theme;
They ſing the wonders of his name;
To him aſcribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praiſe.

Amen, they cry to him alone
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praiſe and ſay, Amen.

LXXXVI.

1 THANKS be to God alone
Who comforts the diſtreſt;
His faithful word we own,
Which ſpeaks the mourner bleſt
The children of affliction, we
On Jeſus caſt our care,
And for our native country ſigh,
And for our kindred there.

2 Our company is gone
Over the ſtream before,
And lo! we haſten on
To yon eternal ſhore;
That happy ſharer of our heart
We there again ſhall find,
Where time and death can never part
The ſouls in Jeſus join'd.

3 We quickly ſhall o'ertake
Our dear departed friend,
Receiv'd for Jeſu's ſake
To joys that never end:
Ev'n now we taſte the bleſſed hope
Through Jeſu's paſſion given,
It ſwallows all our ſorrows up,
And turns this earth to heaven.

LXXXVII.

1 VITAL ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

2 Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

4 The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

LXXXVIII.

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb,
Who gives us to meet!

His love we proclaim,
His praiſes repeat:
We own him our Jeſus
Continually near
To pardon, and bleſs us,
And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace,
In him we have power,
Preſerv'd by his grace,
Throughout the dark hour;
In all our temptation
He keeps us, to prove
His utmoſt ſalvation,
His fulneſs of love.

3 When we would have ſpurn'd
His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd,
And fled from his face,
He hinder'd our flying,
His goodneſs to ſhew
And ſtopt us by crying,
"Will ye alſo go?"

4 *Oh!* what ſhall we do,
Our Saviour to love?

To make us anew,
  Come, Lord, from above,
The fruit of thy passion,
  Thy holiness give,
Give us the salvation
  Of all that believe.

Come, Jesus, and loose
  The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us
  The spiritual song.
Let us without ceasing
  Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing,
  And honour and praise.

Pronounce the glad word,
  And bid us be free;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord,
  A blessing for me?
The peace thou hast given,
  This moment impart,
And open thy heaven,
  O Love, in my heart.

LXXXIX.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly;

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of Love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

4 Jesus, thy Saviour and thy God,
Becomes a man of grief for thee;
For thee he sheds his sacred blood,
And hangs a curse upon the tree.

5 Give me thine heart, my son, he cries,
And kindly waits to take thee in;
With love and pity in his eyes,
He weeps to save thee from thy sin.

XC.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind!
' adore the great atoning Lamb,
nd bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n:
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n
y which we can salvation have,
ut Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above,
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'is all their happiness to gaze,
'is heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;

New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

XCI.

1 THE Lord, our ſalvation and light,
The guide and the ſtrength of our days,
Has brought us [illegible],
A new Ebenezer to raiſe:
The year we have now paſſed through,
His goodneſs with bleſſings has crown'd;
Each morning his mercies were new;
And let our thankſgivings abound.

2 Encompaſs'd with dangers and ſnares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints,
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
And open'd his hand to our wants:
We never beſought him in vain;
When burden'd with ſorrow or ſin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where before now had we been?

3 His goſpel, throughout the long year,
From ſabbath to ſabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And ſhewn himſelf mighty to ſave?
His candleſtick has been remov'd
From churches once privileg'd thus;

ıugh we unworthy have prov'd,
s continu'd to us.

many mercies receiv'd,
what returns have we made?
rit we often have griev'd,
il for good have repaid:
ell it becomes us to cry,
who is a God like to thee?
âſſeſt iniquities by,
ıngeſt them deep in the ſea!"

ıs, who ſits on the throne,
ſt hallelujahs we bring;
it is owing alone
: are permitted to ſing:
s, we pray, to lament
; of the year that is paſt;
nt that the [illegible] be ſpent
e to thy praiſe than the laſt.

XCII.

S finiſh'd," the Redeemer ſaid
And meekly bow'd his dying head;
'rous loving pain;
ners, and mark well the word;
v the conqueſt of our Lord,
ete for helpleſs man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd the pain that bought our peac
The sinner's debt is paid:
Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
The wrath of an offended God
In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge another claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew:
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
Tis finish'd, still may answer all
And silence every cry.

XCIII.

1 FAREWELL thou once a sinner,
My poor afflicted friend!
Thy Lord, thy faith's beginner,
Is now its glorious end!

hor of thy being
fummon'd thee away,
h is loft in feeing,
ight in endlefs day.

's of pain and mourning,
haftifement is paft,
hy God returning
ul is fav'd at laft:
m a world of evils,
Jefus Chrift fhut in,
the range of devils,
d the reach of fin.

es and ftorms of paffion
l paft o'er thy head,
uble and temptation
liv'ft forever freed:
of friends fhall grieve thee,
all thy *Eden* fhare;
nnot, cannot leave thee,
ind companions there.

ofe that went before thee,
ints of antient days,
ine in facred ftory,
oul hath found its place:
ted with their fadnefs,
in the weeping vale,

Thou ſhareſt now their gladneſs,
And joys that never fail.

5 Thine earthly courſe is ended,
Thou haſt obtain'd the prize,
Triumphantly aſcended
To God in paradiſe:
From all thy care and ſorrow
Thou art eſcap'd to-day—
And I ſhall mourn to-morrow,
And I ſhall ſoar away.

6 Jeſus, my hope of glory,
I owe it to thy grace,
That I ſhall ſoon adore thee,
And ſee thee face to face:
Fulfil my expectation,
And O! to take me home,
With all thy great ſalvation,
This happy moment come!

XCIV.

1 STRANGERS and ſojourners below,
We travel through this wilderneſs,
Seeking the promis'd reſt to know
In Chriſt the Fountain of true bliſs;
We ſeek a place beyond the ſkies,
An everlaſting paradiſe.

this purſuit we ſtand in need
Of daily freſh ſupplies of grace:
ır ſouls with manna Chriſt muſt feed,
While we his leading footſteps trace:
› ſhall each pilgrim gladly move
.dvancing to his home above.

No earthly bliſs is worth our ſtay,
Or ſtruggle for another breath;
These comforts vaniſh and decay,
And yield no ſolid joy in death:
While others vain delights purſue,
We taſte God's love forever new.

His croſs inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel ſin;
Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,
And cauſe ſweet melody within:
Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a ſuff'ring hour.

The new Jeruſalem appears,
Her citizens reſplendent ſhine,
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine:
With them we ſhall his glory ſee,
And praiſe him through eternity.

XCV.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

ı let us adore
ıd give Him his right,
lory and pow'r,
ıd wiſdom and might:
onour and bleſſing,
ith Angels above,
thanks never ceaſing,
ıd infinite love.

XCVI.

ST be the dear uniting love
ıat will not let us part,
dies may far off remove,
till are join'd in heart.

in one ſpirit to our Head,
re he appoints we go:
ll in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
do his work below.

; ever walk in Him,
nothing know beſide!
g deſire nor ought eſteem
Jeſus crucify'd.

and cloſer let us cleave
s belov'd embrace:

Out of his fulneſs ſtill receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 And let us haſten to the day
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore:
When vanquiſh'd death ſhall ſhrink away,
And bodies part no more.

XCVII.

1 HAIL thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!
Hail thou Galilean King,
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free ſalvation bring:
Hail thou precious, precious Saviour,
Who haſt borne our ſin and ſhame;
By whoſe merit we find favour,
Life is given through thy name!

2 Paſchal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our ſins were on Thee laid:
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made.
Ev'ry ſin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'tween man and God.

ıs hail! enthron'd in glory,
Here forever to abide,
the heav'nly hoſt adore Thee,
ſeated on thy Father's ſide:
ere for ſinners Thou art pleading
"Spare them yet another year;"
ou for ſaints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

orſhip, honour, pow'r and bleſſing
Chriſt is worthy to receive;
ıdeſt praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give:
lp, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays:
lp to ſing our Jeſu's merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praiſe!

XCVIII.

OH! for a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
light, to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

here is the bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?

Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jeſus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt:
I hate the ſins that made me mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only Thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

XCIX.

1 FOR a ſeaſon call'd to part,
Let us now ourſelves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

s, hear our humble pray'r!
ler ſhepherd of thy ſheep!
hy mercy and thy care
ɔur ſouls in ſafety keep.

ıy ſtrength may we be ſtrong,
eten ev'ry croſs and pain;
e us, if we live, 'ere long
ɛ to meet in peace again.

ı, if thou thy help afford,
ı-ezers ſhall be rear'd;
our ſouls ſhall praiſe the Lord,
ɔ our poor petitions heard.

C.

NGELS, roll the rock away,
. Den of death, reſign thy prey,
the Saviour quit the tomb
ving with immortal bloom. Hal.

ıt ye Seraphs, Gabriel raiſe
e's eternal trump of praiſe;
the world's remoteſt bounds
ɔ to the bliſsful ſounds. Hal.

s on earth lift up your eyes,
ıe conqueror ſcale the ſkies;

Troops of angels on the road
Hail and ſing th' incarnate God. Hal.

4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
Matchleſs hero! through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundleſs empire is thine own. Hal.

5 Praiſe him, ye celeſtial choirs,
Praiſe, and ſweep your golden lyres,
Praiſe him in the nobleſt ſongs
From ten thouſand thouſand tongues. Hal.

6 Truth and rightcouſneſs, and love,
Siſter cherubs from above,
Now ſhall viſit earth again,
Now in golden ages reign. Hal.

CI.

1 JESUS, Friend of ſinners, hear
A feeble creature pray:
From my debt of ſin ſet clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O ſpeak my kind releaſe;
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore;

freely, feal my peace,
d me weep no more.

ny ſins as mountains riſe,
well and reach to heav'n,
above the ſkies,
ſhall ſtand forgiv'n:
s my guilt's increaſe,
eater is thy mercy's ſtore!
freely, ſeal my peace,
id me weep no more.

' oppreſſive ſenſe of ſin
ggling ſpirit free:
id righteouſneſs divine
eſcue even me!
irit, ſhed thy grace,
t me feel the ſoft'ning ſhow'r:
freely, ſeal my peace,
id me weep no more.

CII.

ou, from whom all goodneſs flows,
ift my heart to thee;
ſorrows, conflicts, woes,
Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My ſins lie heavily;
My pardon ſpeak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations ſore obſtruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me ſtrength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.

4 Diſtreſt with pain, diſeaſe and grief;
This feeble body ſee,
Grant patience, reſt and kind relief,
Hear! and remember me.

5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach and welcome ſhame
If thou remember me!

6 The hour is near, conſign'd to death,
I own the juſt decree:
Saviour, with my laſt parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

CIII.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;

nd ſinners plung'd beneath that flood
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

he dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
nd there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

ear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
ill all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
edeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be 'till I die.

hen in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
'hen this poor liſping ſtamm'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

ord, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
Unworthy though I be
r *me a blood*-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis ſtrung, and tun'd, for endleſs
And form'd by pow'r divine;
To ſound in God the Father's ear
No other name but thine.

CIV.

1 HOLY GHOST, diſpel our fa
Pierce the clouds of nature'
Come, thou ſource of joy and gla
Breathe thy life, and ſpread thy l
Hear, O hear our ſupplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Reſt upon this congregation,
Great diſtributor of grace.

2 Come thou beſt of all donations,
God can give or we implore;
Having thy ſweet conſolations,
We can aſk or wiſh no more;
Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our ſouls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

CV.

LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have ſeen the Lord.

As by the light of op'ning day
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?

6 Yes! though of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill.

CVI.

1 THOU ſhepherd of Iſr'el divine,
The joy of the upright in heart,
For cloſer communion we pine,
Still, ſtill to reſide where thou art:
The paſture, O! when ſhall we find
Where all, who their ſhepherd obey,
Are fed on thy boſom reclin'd,
Are ſkreen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah, ſhew us that happieſt place,
That place of thy peoples' abode,
Where ſaints in an ecſtaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for loſt ſinners declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
Our ſpirits to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we covet to reſt,

To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Preserv'd evermore by thy side,
Eternally hid in thine heart.

CVII.

REJOICE, the Lord is king,
Your God and king adore;
Mortals give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice; again I say rejoice!

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;

The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!

4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home!
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

CVIII.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful, ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found!

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, may we ever,
Reign with Christ in endless day!

CIX.

1 THE lion that on Sampson roar'd,
And thirsted for his blood,
With honey afterwards was stor'd,
And furnish'd him with food.

2 Believers, as they pass along,
With many lions meet,
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater, meat.

3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.

4 The world and Satan join their strength,
To fill their souls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they sow in tears.

5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to pray'r;
And many precious proofs afford
Of their Redeemer's care.

6 The lions roar, but cannot kill,
Then fear them not, my friends,
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.

CX.

1 HArk, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesu's blood,
Sinners are reconcil'd to God,
And led into the heav'nly road,
By grace divine.

2 Come, ſinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuſe;
Mercy and juſtice here combine,
Goodneſs and truth harmonious join,
While boundleſs love, in ev'ry line,
Invites you near.

3 Ye ſaints in glory, ſtrike the lyre,
Ye mortals catch the ſacred fire,
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
And ſpread abroad his matchleſs fame:
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endleſs praiſe.

CXI.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee;
Humbly truſting in thy croſs,
That alone be all our glory;
All things elſe are dung and droſs,
Thee we own a perfect Saviour;
Only ſource of all that's good,
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour
Come to us through Jeſu's blood.

2 Jeſus gives us true repentance
By his ſpirit ſent from heav'n,

Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
Faith he gives us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wisdom? he must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections;
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions;
And what he commands, inspires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praises
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them, is Jesus:
He that answers, is the same.

5 When we live on Jesu's merit,
Then we worship God aright:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.
Hear the whole conclusion of it;
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is all in all.

CXII.

1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain

Did almoſt with his lateſt breath
  This ſolemn feaſt ordain.
To keep thy feaſt, Lord, we are met;
  And to remember thee,
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
  For me, he died, for me.

Thy ſuff'rings, Lord, each ſacred ſign
  To our rememb'rance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine;
  But think on nobler things.
O, tune our tongues, and ſet in frame
  Each heart that pants for thee,
To ſing, "Hoſanna to the Lamb,
  "The Lamb that died for me."

CXIII.

EARTH has detain'd me priſoner long,
  And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
  There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I ſtretch me down,
  And upwards glance mine eyes;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
  And to my native ſkies.

3 There the dear man, my Saviour
The God how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4 Seraphs, with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the ſtarry pl
With an immortal ſound.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, their harps emplo
Jeſus, my love they ſing;
Jeſus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

6 Now let me riſe, and join the ſong
And be an angel too,
My heart, my hand, my ear, my t
Here's joyful work for you.

7 I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heavenly notes, to b
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

8 I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the God that I adore,
And ſing the man I love.

CXIV.

THo' ſore oppreſs'd with guilt and fear,
I will not, cannot, quite deſpair;
If I muſt periſh, would the Lord
Have taught my heart to love his word?
Would he have giv'n me eyes to ſee
My danger, and my remedy:
Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,
And empty ſend my ſoul away?

No—though caſt down, I am not ſlain;
I fall, but I ſhall riſe again;
The preſent, Satan, is thy hour,
But Jeſus ſhall controul thy pow'r:
His love will plead for my relief,
He hears my groans, he ſees my grief;
Nor will he ſuffer thee to boaſt,
A ſoul that ſought his help was loſt.

Tis true, I have unfaithful been,
And griev'd his Spirit by my ſin;
Yet ſtill his mercy he'll reveal,
And all my wounds and follies heal:
Abounding ſin, I muſt confeſs,
But more abounding is his grace;

He once vouchsaf'd for me to bleed,
And now he lives my cause to plead.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
I see him on his mercy-seat,
'Tis sprinkled with atoning blood;
There sinners find access to God:
Ye burden'd souls, approach with me,
And make the Saviour's name your plea;
Jesus will pardon all who come,
And strike our fierce accuser dumb.

CXV.

1 COME let me love: or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair-one bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies;
I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

2 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies.
Jesus, the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies!

Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd by woeful ſmart;
"By theſe dear wounds," ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.
Sure I muſt love: or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

CXVI.

'TIS my happineſs below,
Not to live without the croſs;
But, the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loſs;
Trials muſt and will befal;
But, with humble faith, to ſee
Love inſcrib'd upon them all,
This is happineſs to me.

2 God, in Isr'el sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away:
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

CXVII.

1 NOw let my faith grow strong and rise
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.
See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;

See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his almighty Father's ſide!

2 If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.
Or, if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqu'ror ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

3 How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhew
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I baniſh ev'ry foe,
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.
I hold no intercourſe with hell;
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a ſeal upon my heart.

CXVIII.

1 KIndred in Chriſt, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the ſam

3 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communication ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with lo

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When chriſtians meet together thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for u

5 We'll talk of all he did, and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

CXIX.

1 FATHER how wide thy glory

Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands through the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dare a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joys ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CXX.

1 THE ſaints ſhould never be diſmay'd,
Nor ſink in hopeleſs fear;
For when they leaſt expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
God ſaw, and ſaid, "Forbear;"
Yon ram ſhall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there.

3 Once David ſeem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;
Saul turns his arms another way,
To ſave th' invaded land.

4 When Jonah ſunk beneath the wave,
He thought to riſe no more;
But God prepar'd a fiſh to ſave,
And bear him to the ſhore.

5 Bleſt proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry anxious care of mine
Be truſted with the Lord.

6 *Wait for* his ſeaſonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:

The promiſe may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

CXXI.

1 WHENE'ER the glories of thy name,
My fault'ring lips attempt to ſing;
My boſom glows a heav'nly flame
And longs to praiſe th' eternal king.
Oh with what rapture could my tongue,
Proclaim aloud my Saviour God;
But ev'ry note is ſtill unſtrung,
By ſin's oppreſſive hateful load.

2 My ſoul is bound in earthly chains,
And vain is each attempt to riſe,
While ſin a willing ſlave retains,
A native of the upper ſkies:
Free me, O Lord, by ſov'reign grace,
Then ev'ry note I'll raiſe ſo ſtrong:
Through heav'n and earth I'll ſound thy praiſe,
And rival Angels in their ſong.

CXXII.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I ſing;

Nor fear, with thy righteouſneſs on,
My perſon and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my tranſgreſſions from view.

2 The work which his goodneſs began,
The arm of his ſtrength will complete;
His promiſe is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below, nor above,
Can make him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my ſoul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not eraſe;
Impreſs'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is given;
More happy, but not more ſecure,
The glorify'd ſpirits in heaven.

CXXIII.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing:
Sing your Savior's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed, be glad!
Chriſt our advocate is made;
Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt,
You on Jeſus' throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your father's ſon,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 Lord! ſubmiſſive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

CXXIV.

1 VAIN youth, amidſt the giddy crou
Does happineſs thy ſearch commar
Ah! ceaſe thy tedious fruitleſs chace;
She long has left this barren land.

2 As to each earthly joy you turn,
Expecting perfect bliſs to find,
Does not the phantom mock your view
And leave a deadly ſting behind.

3 Fly then thoſe guilty, fatal joys,
And ſeek the bliſs religion yields;
There happineſs alone is found
In pleaſures which the chriſtian feels.

4 Poſſeſſion palls not the delight,
Nor conſcious guilt affrights the ſoul;
Increaſing ſtill without alloy
While endleſs ages onward roll.

'Tis that alone in yonder world,
Can land us on the heav'nly ſhore;
When earthly vanities are fled,
And earth itſelf ſhall be no more.

CXXV.

GLORY to the eternal King,
Clad in majeſty ſupreme!
Let all heaven his praiſes ſing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the univerſe ſuſtains,
As an atom in his ſight.

Kingdoms flouriſh, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

O let my tranſported ſoul
Ever on his glories gaze,
Ever yield to his control;
Ever ſound his lofty praiſe!

CXXVI.

1 HARK! the voice of love and r
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sl
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measur
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God hath promis'd
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort dr

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme.
All on earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praiſe Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

CXXVII.

LET others boaſt their ancient line,
In long ſucceſſion great;
In the proud lift let heroes ſhine,
And monarchs ſwell the ſtate;
Deſcended from the King of Kings,
Each ſaint a nobler title ſings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy Son,
Own me an heir divine:
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Scepters and crowns unenvied riſe,
And loſe their luſtre in mine eyes.

Content, obſcure I paſs my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child ſhalt raiſe,
And ſeat me near thy throne.
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with thoſe beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain.
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full Image bear.
Enough!——I wait th' appointed day,
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away!

CXXVIII.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfy'd at home,
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;

And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preſerves me here.

4 His word of promiſe is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my ſtrength renew'd,
And all my wants ſupply'd.

5 For him I count as gain each loſs,
Diſgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his croſs,
While he prepares my crown!

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boaſt,
How much they gain or ſpend;
Their joys muſt ſoon give up the ghoſt,
But mine ſhall know no end.

CXXIX.

1 FAther of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whoſe goodneſs providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look; my heart prepare:
Suggeſt and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants: for help I call
And e'er I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will;
Averse to good and prone to ill:
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain will I know as known by thee;
And feel the indigence I see:
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burthen groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord, I still would say,
An heart to mourn, an heart to pray,
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be prayer.

Scarce I begin my ſad complaint,
When all my warmeſt wiſhes faint:
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardours die:
Nor hopes nor fears my boſom move,
And as I would, I cannot love.

CXXX.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God!
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breaſts and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, thou heav'nly king,
That thou ſhouldſt man to glory bring,
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne!
Deck'd with a never-fading crown!

O Lord, enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought:
Unloofe our ſtamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable!

Our fears all return to the mind,
Our day is ſoon chang'd into nigh
Then ſatan his efforts renews,
To vex and enſnare us again :
Our pleaſing enjoyments we loſe,
And only lament and complain.

3 By what we ſo often paſs through,
We learn our own weakneſs to lin
We learn what the ſhepherd can do,
How much to his mercy we owe:
'Tis he who ſupports us through all,
Poor ſinners he loves to ſuſtain;
He anſwers our prayer when we call
And then we can praiſe him again

4 Why, then, ſhould we murmur and
Since Jeſus is always the ſame?
He promiſes never to leave
The ſoul that confides in his name
To ſave us from all that we fear,
Himſelf he reſign'd to be ſlain;
We truſt that he ſtill will appear
To cheriſh and comfort again.

5 While here in an enemy's land,
I cannot be always in peace?

ſeſus my Shepherd's at hand,
ſhortly this warfare will ceaſe;
ıg he will bid me remove
ı regions of ſorrow and pain,
; in his preſence above,
then I no more ſhall complain.

CXXXIII.

T thy burden on the Lord,
nly lean upon his word;
vilt ſoon have cauſe to bleſs
:rnal faithfulneſs.

ains thee by his hand;
bles thee to ſtand;
whom Jeſus once hath lov'd,
.is grace are never mov'd.

ı counſels come to nought;
all ſtand which God hath wrought:
npaſſion, love and power,
: ſame for evermore.

ı and earth may paſs away,
ree grace ſhall not decay;
ı promis'd to fulfil
pleaſure of his will.

There find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace;
And wait the welcome meſſage
That bids us go in peace!

2 Lord, we are helpleſs creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need;
Throughout defil'd by nature,
All inly dark and dead:
Our ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all we have is ſin:
Our hearts are all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3 We'll never ceaſe repeating,
Our numberleſs complaints,
But ever be intreating,
The glorious king of ſaints:
Till we attain thine image
In realms of endleſs love,
There pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

4 Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleaſing ſtory,
Of Jeſu's love ſo great:

In this bleſt contemplation
  We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch conſolation
  As none below can tell.

CXXXVII.

COME, thou long expected Jeſus,
  Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
  Let us find our reſt in thee:
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
  Hope of all the ſaints thou art,
Dear deſire of ev'ry nation,
  Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;
  Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
  Now thy gracious kingdom bring
By thine own eternal Spirit,
  Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
  Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

CXXXVIII.

LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
  Borders on the ſhades of death,

Come! and thy dear ſelf reveali
Diſſipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's cre
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scattering all the night of nature
Pouring light upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing
Life and joy thy beams impar
Chaſing all our fears, and cheeri
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifeſt the favor
Thou haſt for the ranſom'd ra
Come, thou dear exalted Savior
Come, and bring thy goſpel-g

3 Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins.
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Every burden'd ſoul releaſe;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

CXXXIX.

1 JESUS, and ſhall it ever be,
A mortal man aſham'd of the

corn'd be the thought, by rich and poor,
) may I ſcorn it more and more.

ſham'd of Jeſus! ſooner far
et ev'ning bluſh to own a ſtar:
ſham'd of Jeſus! juſt as ſoon
et midnight bluſh to think of noon.

ſham'd of Jeſus! of that friend
)n whom my heav'nly hopes depend!
: muſt not be—be this my ſhame,
'hat I no more revere his name!

ſham'd of Jeſus! yes I may,
Vhen I've no crimes to waſh away;
ſo tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
Jo fears to quell, no ſoul to ſave.

'ill then, nor is the boaſting vain,
'ill then, I'll boaſt a Savior ſlain:
ınd O! may this my portion be,
'hat Savior's not aſham'd of me.

CXL.

IN ſweet exalted ſtrains
The king of glory praiſe;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlaſting days:

He, with a nod, the world controls,
Suſtains or ſinks the diſtant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories ſhine:
Fair Salem, ſtill his choſen reſt,
Is with his ſmiles and preſence bleſt.

3 Then, king of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown,
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to ſhow,
How God can dwell with men below

4 Here, may thine ears attend,
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praiſe aſcend
All fragrant to the ſkies:
Here may thy word melodious ſount
And ſpread celeſtial joys around.

5 Here may the liſt'ning throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the ſong,
Of ſeraphim above,
And willing crouds ſurround thy bo:
With ſacred joy and ſweet accord.

Here, may our unborn ſons
And daughters ſound thy praiſe,
And ſhine like poliſh'd ſtones,
Through long ſucceeding days :
Here, Lord, diſplay thy ſaving power,
While temples ſtand and men adore.

CXLI.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O ! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?

In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy ſpirit now impart,
Full ſalvation to each heart.

Grant that all may ſeek, and find
Thee a God ſupremely kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CXLII.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lor
fend
Him whom we now to thee commei
His perſon bleſs, his ſoul ſecure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-ſufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulneſs fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection ſend;
O love him, ſave him to the end,
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty power exert:
That thouſands yet unborn may prai
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CXLIII.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkn
Look, my ſoul, be ſtill, and

All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
From eternal darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
Through the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

6 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

CXLIV.

1 HERE round thy table, Lord, we n
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

2 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Savior, so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of n
Which owes so much to thine.
Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

CXLV.

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine hiſtorians ſay,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he lov'd to be,
And 'twas named Gethſemane.

2 Full of love to man's loſt race
On his conflict much he thought,
This he knew the deſtin'd place,
And he lov'd the ſacred ſpot;
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in Gethſemane.

3 They his foll'wers with the reſt,
Had incurr'd the wrath divine;
And their Lord, with pity preſt,
Long'd to bear their loads—and mine.
Love to them, and love to me
Made him love Gethſemane.

4 Oh, what wonders love has done!
But how little underſtood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that ſweat of blood.
Who can thy deep wonders ſee,
Wonderful Gethſemane?

5 Sinners, vile like me, and loſt,
If there's one ſo vile as I,
Leave more righteous ſouls to bo:
And with me to refuge fly;
We may well bleſs that decree,
Which ordain'd Gethſemane.

6 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Savior more can need;
Deeds of righteouſneſs I've none;
No, not one good work to plea
Not a glimpſe of hope for me;
Only in Gethſemane.

7 Hither, Lord, thou didſt reſort
Oft-times with thy little train,
Here would'ſt keep thy private co
Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord, reſort with worthleſs me,
Oft-times to Gethſemane.

CXLVI.

1 YE ſouls that are weak,
And helpleſs, and poor,
Who knows not to ſpeak,
Much leſs to do more;

e's a foundation
ɔmfort and peace,
t is ſalvation,
ingdom is his.

wer he rules,
vonders performs;
ɔnduct to fools,
ourage to worms;
ſore evils
ɔut and within;
ns of devils,
ɔountains of ſin.

not afraid,
ɔwer is giv'n,
s our head,
th and in heav'n:
ı him we ſhall conquer
ɔightieſt foes,
tain is ſtronger
all that oppoſe.

'r from above
kindly impart

So free is his love,
  So tender his heart.
Redeem'd with his merit,
  We're wash'd in his blood;
Renew'd by his spirit,
  We've power with God.

6 Reign o'er us as king,
  Accomplish thy will,
And each of us bring
  To Zion's blest hill;
There falling before thee
  We'll praise thy lov'd name,
Ascribing the glory
  To God, and the Lamb.

CXLVII.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
  Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the prince of peace,
Bid all jarrs for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

CXLVIII.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to ſave,
Revives, and riſes from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From ſin, and death, and ſatan free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and ſee,
Your Saviour cloth'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, caſt off your fears,
In heaven your manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

CXLIX.

1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord
Your grateful tribute bring,
And celebrate, with one accord,
The birth of Christ our King.
Let us with humble hearts repair,
Faith will point out the road,
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore th' incarnate God.

2 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume
The place where Christ is laid;
A stable serves him for his room,
A manger is his bed.
The crowded inn, like sinners' heart
O ignorance extreme!
For other guests of various sorts
Had room; but none for him.

3 But see what diff'rent thoughts arise
In men and angels breasts,
To hail his birth they left the skies,
We lodg'd him with the beasts.
Yet let believers cease their fears,
Nor envy heav'nly pow'rs:
If sinless innocence be theirs,
Redemption all is ours.

CL.

ARISE, and hail the happy day,
Caſt all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things:
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe,
With healing in his wings,

If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful ſongs:
O! how ſhould we of human race
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

Come then let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day;
When ſatan's empire vanquiſh'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell
Confeſs'd his ſovereign ſway:

CLI.

1 AWAKE, our drowſy ſouls,
Shake off each ſlothful band;

The wonders of this day
Our nobleſt ſongs demand,
Auſpicious morn! thy bliſsful rays,
Bright ſeraphs hail in ſongs of praiſe

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death reſign'd,
The glorious prince of life,
Her dark domains confin'd.
Th' angelic hoſt around him bends,
And, 'midſt their ſhouts, the God aſ

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hoſannas rings:
While earth, in humbler ſtrains,
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings:
Worthy art thou, who once waſt ſla
Through endleſs years to live and r

4 Gird on, great God, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conquering car,
While juſtice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou, thy foes ſhalt tread
And ſin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,

With ſalutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart;
Then dying ſouls for life ſhall ſue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

CLII.

GREAT God, this ſacred day of thine,
Demands our ſoul's collected powers:
May we employ in work divine,
Theſe ſolemn, theſe devoted hours!
O may our ſouls adoring, own
The grace, which calls us to thy throne!

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,
Where God reſides appear no more;
Omniſcient God, thy piercing eye
Can every ſecret thought explore.
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life, diſpens'd to day,
Invites us to a heavenly feaſt;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble gueſt!
O bid the wretched ſons of need
On ſoul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then ſhall the day indeed be thine:
Then ſhall our ſouls, adoring own
The grace, which calls us to thy thro

CLIII.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God;
The wondrous things foretol
Of thee in ſacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold;
Still does thine arm new trophies we
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honors pays,
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brighteſt days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering ki

3 O haſte, victorious prince,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle ſway;

'h may it bleſs our longing eyes,
nd bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations ſue
To wear thy gentle chain:
'hen earth and time are known no more,
hy throne ſhall ſtand for ever more.

CLIV.

)NCE more we come before our God,
Once more his bleſſing aſk;
may not duty ſeem a load,
Nor worſhip prove a taſk!

ther, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From heav'n, in Jeſu's name,
) make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

ay we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
oard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

) ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe,
To each thy bleſſing ſuit;

And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows,
Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the convincing North-wind wake;
Say to the South-wind, blow;
Bid ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs;
The cold, with warmth divine:
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

CLV.

1 HAIL, everlaſting ſpring!
Celeſtial fountain, hail!
Thy ſtreams ſalvation bring,
Thy waters never fail:
Still they endure,
And ſtill they flow,
For all our woe
A ſov'reign cure.

2 Bleſs'd be his wounded ſide,
And bleſs'd his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguiſh dy'd
Such favours to impart.

His precious blood
Shall make us clean
From ev'ry ſin,
And fit for God.

To that dear ſource of love
Our ſouls this day would come,
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home.
That Jew and Greek,
With rapturous ſong
And every tongue,
Thy praiſe may ſpeak.

CLVI.

YE that in his courts are found,
Liſt'ning to the joyful ſound,
Loſt and helpleſs as ye are,
Sons of ſorrow, ſin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

Turn to Chriſt your longing eyes,
View his bloody ſacrifice;
See, in him, your ſins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holineſs, and heaven.

Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

CLVII.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge sever
The seventh trumpet speaks him ne:
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all ye people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns!
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns!

5 The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
The Spirit bleſs for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done;
We welcome thee, great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome thee, great Three in One!

CLVIII.

1 HARK! my ſoul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jeſus ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee—
"Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
"And when wounded, heal'd thy wound:
"Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right;
"Turn'd thy darkneſs into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
"Ceaſe toward the child ſhe bare?

"Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
"Yet I will remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
"Higher than the heights above,
"Deeper than the depths beneath;
"Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

5 "Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
"When the work of grace is done;
"Partner of my throne ſhall be;
"Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

CLIX.

1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day!
Sons of men, and angels ſay:
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more!

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave;
Where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

5 Soar we now where Chriſt has led,
Foll'wing our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Our's the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee, by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Reſurrection—thou!

7 King of glory! Soul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this:
Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

CLX.

1 AWAKE, and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb!

Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongu
To praiſe the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r!
Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing!
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Chriſt th' eternal King!

5 Soon ſhall ye hear him ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

6 There ſhall our raptur'd tongue
His endleſs praiſe proclaim;
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

CLXI.

BEFORE Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood;
But could not bear to wait,
He deem'd himself too good:
thought the prophet would attend,
d not to *him* a message send.

Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen?
were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean;
hy must I wash in Jordan's flood?
mascus rivers are as good.

Thus by his foolish pride,
He almost miss'd a cure;
Howe'er at length he try'd,
And found the method sure:
on as his pride was brought to yield,
e leprosy was quickly heal'd.

Lep'rous and proud as he,
To Jesus thus I came,
From sin to set me free,
When first I heard his fame:
rely, thought I, my pompous train
vows and works will notice gain.

5 My heart devis'd the way
Which I ſuppos'd he'd take;
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back:
Had he ſome painful taſk enjoin'd,
To duty I was all-inclin'd.

6 When by his word he ſpake,
That fountain open'd ſee;
'Twas open'd for thy ſake,
"Go waſh, and thou art free:"
Oh! how did my proud heart gainſ
I fear'd to truſt this ſimple way.

7 At length I trial made,
When I had much endur'd;
The meſſage I obey'd,
I waſh'd, and I was cur'd:
Sinners this healing fountain try,
Which cleans'd a wretch ſo vile as I

CLXII.

1 WHEN Joſeph his brethren
Afflicted and trembling w
His heart with compaſſion was fil
From weeping he could not forbe
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their paſt ſin to their mi

t when they were humbled enough,
hafted to ſhew himſelf kind.

w little they thought it was he,
hom they had ill-treated and ſold !
w great their confuſion muſt be,
ſoon as his name he had told !
'm Joſeph, your brother, he ſaid,
d ſtill to my heart you are dear ;
ı ſold me, and thought I was dead,
: God for your ſakes ſent me here."

ough greatly diſtreſſed before,
ıen charg'd with purloining the cup,
ey now were confounded much more,
t one of them durſt to look up.
an Joſeph, whom we would have ſlain
give us the evil we did ?
d will he our houſholds maintain ?
his is a brother indeed ! "

ıs dragg'd by my conſcience, I came,
d laden with guilt, to the Lord,
rounded with terror and ſhame,
ıble to utter a word.
firſt he look'd ſtern and ſevere,
ıat anguiſh then pierced my heart !

Expecting each moment to hear
The ſentence, " Thou curſed, de

5 But oh ! what ſurpriſe when he ſ
While tenderneſs beam'd in his fa
My heart then to pieces was broke
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by
" Poor ſinner, I know thee full w
By thee I was ſold and was ſlain ;
I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
And raiſe thee in glory to reign.

6 I'm Jeſus whom thou haſt blaſph
And crucify'd often afreſh ;
But let me henceforth be eſteem'
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy
My pardon I freely beſtow,
Thy wants I will fully ſupply ;
I'll guide thee and guard thee bel
And ſoon will remove thee on hi

7 Go, publiſh to ſinners around,
That they may be willing to com
The mercy which now you have
And tell them that " yet there is
Oh, ſinners, the meſſage obey !
No more vain excuſes pretend ;

ome, without further delay,
:ſus, our brother and friend.

CLXIII.

'HAT a mournful life is mine,
Fill'd with croſſes, pains, and cares
' work defil'd with ſin,
ſtep beſet with ſnares!

ne I penſive ſit,
elf can hardly bear;
aſs along the ſtreet,
nd riot triumph there.

! how my heart is pain'd,
it mourns for ſouls deceiv'd!
n I hear thy name prophan'd,
n I ſee thy ſpirit griev'd!

r thy children's griefs I view,
diſtreſs becomes my own;
hear, or ſee, or do,
s me tremble, weep, and groan.

ning thus I long had been,
n I heard my Saviour's voice;
ou haſt cauſe to mourn for ſin,
me thou may'ſt rejoice."

6 This kind word dispell'd my grief,
Put to silence my complaints;
Though of sinners I am chief,
He has rank'd me with his saints.

7 Though constrain'd to dwell awhile
Where the wicked strive and brawl;
Let them frown, so he but smile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.

8 There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin, and fears;
Nothing there our peace molest,
Through eternal rounds of years.

CLXIV.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought?
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and king
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright:

Ye feeble ſaints, your ſtrength endures,
Becauſe young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth,
To ſtorm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the hoſt was overthrown.

Oh ! I have ſeen the day,
When with a ſingle word,
God helping me to ſay,
My truſt is in the Lord ;
My ſoul has quell'd a thouſand foes,
Fearleſs of all that could oppoſe.

But unbelief, ſelf-will,
Self-righteouſneſs, and pride,
How often do they ſteal,
My weapon from my ſide ?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his ſervant to the end.

CLXV.

HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ears !

It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his woun
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I bu
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Fri
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my E
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

'ill then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
nd may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

CLXVI.

WHEN first my soul enlisted
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Mistaken friends insisted
I was not arm'd aright:
So Saul advised David
He certainly would fail,
Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.

But David, though he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none.
With only sling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith,
The weapons seem'd but feeble,
Yet prov'd Goliah's death.

Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away

The armour men provided,
  I might have gain'd the day;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
  My expectations fail'd;
My enemy ſurpris'd me,
  And had almoſt prevail'd.

4 Furniſh'd with books and notions,
  And arguments and pride,
I practis'd all my motions,
  And Satan's pow'r defy'd;
But ſoon perceiv'd with trouble,
  That theſe would do no good;
Iron to him is ſtubble;
  And braſs like rotten wood,

5 I triumph'd at a diſtance,
  While he was out of ſight,
But faint was my reſiſtance,
  When forc'd to join in fight:
He broke my ſword in ſhivers,
  And pierc'd my boaſted ſhield;
Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
  And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
  By ſuch a worm as I;

Then let me learn with David,
To truſt in the Moſt High;
To plead the name of Jeſus,
And uſe the ſling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when ſatan ſees us,
He'll tremble and deſpair.

CLXVII.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the darkneſs from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flame
Of never dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
To ſanctify the ſoul,

To pour freſh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

CLXVIII.

1 SAVIOR, ſhine, and cheer my ſo
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded ſpirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word, and ſet me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2 Shall I ſigh and pray in vain,
Wilt thou ſtill refuſe to hear;
Wilt thou not return again,
Muſt I yield to black deſpair?
Thou haſt taught my heart to pray,
Canſt thou turn thy face away?

3 Once I thought my mountain ſtrong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move;
Then thy grace was all my ſong,
Then my ſoul was fill'd with love:
Thoſe were happy golden days,
Sweetly ſpent in pray'r and praiſe.

4 When my friends have ſaid, "Beware
"Soon or late you'll find a change,"

I could see no cause for fear,
Vain their caution seem'd and strange:
Not a cloud obscur'd my sky,
Could I think a tempest nigh?

Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of satan's pow'r;
Now I find their words were true,
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
"Boaster, where is now your God?"
Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood:
Tell him, since I know thy name,
Though I change, thou art the same.

CLXIX.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer,
For this our sinful land.

Oft have we, Lord, in private pray'd
Our country might find grace;

Now hear the ſame petiti
In this appointed place

3 O may we all with one c
Fall low before thy th
With tears, the nation's
The church's, and our

4 Great God of hoſts, deli
Guide thoſe that hold
Support the ſtate, preſer
And ſpare the guilty r

5 Or ſhould the dread dec
And we muſt feel the
May faith and patience
To our correcting Go

6 Whatever be our deſtin
Accept us in thy Son
Give us thy goſpel and
And then—thy will b

CLXX.

1 HEAR what God the
"O my people, f
Comfortleſs, afflicted, b
Fair abodes I build for y

orns of painful tribulation
all no more perplex your ways;
ou shall name your walls, salvation,
id your gates shall all be praise.

ere, like streams that feed the garden,
easures without end shall flow;
r the Lord, your faith rewarding,
l his bounty shall bestow:
ill in undisturb'd possession,
ace and righteousness shall reign;
ever shall you feel oppression,
ear the voice of war again.

e no more your suns descending,
'aning moons no more shall see;
ut, your griefs for ever ending,
ind eternal noon in me:
od shall rise, and shining o'er you,
hange to day the gloomy night;
e, your God, shall be your glory,
nd your everlasting light."

CLXXI.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!

Who reigns enthron'd o
Ancient of endless day
Who lengthens out our t
And spares us yet anothe

2 Barren and wither'd tree
We cumber'd long the
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was
Yet did he us in mercy sp
Another, and another ye

3 When justice drew the f
To cut the fig-tree dow
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd—" Let it still a
The Father mild, inclin'd
And spar'd us yet anothe

4 Jesus, thy speaking bloo
From God obtain'd the
Who therefore hath beste
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf
And lo we see another ye

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow g

And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound:
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruits of high perfection bear!

CLXXII.

STRANGE and myſterious is my life,
What oppoſites I feel within!
Stable peace, a conſtant ſtrife;
The rule of grace, the pow'r of ſin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.

Prize the privilege of pray'r,
Oh! what backwardneſs to pray!
Though on the Lord I caſt my care,
Bear its burden ev'ry day;
Seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

All the promiſes my own,
I prize them more than mines of gold;
Though their ſweetneſs I have known,
They leave me unimpreſs'd and cold:
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

4 I love the holy day
When Jesus meets
Sweet day, of all th
For its return my f
Yet often, throu
It proves a day o

5 While on my Savio
I know my foes shal
And therefore dare
Assur'd of conquest
But soon my confi
And all my fears r

6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs
And grace and sin by
I grieve, rejoice, dec
And vict'ry hangs in
But Jesus has his p
That grace shall ove

CLXXI

1 O May the pow'r, wh
Be known by all
Or else our service will
The God whom we pr

Lord, while thy judgments ſhake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy juſt uplifted hand,
Which thouſands cannot, will not ſee.

How long haſt thou beſtow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful ſpot?
While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious goſpel brightly ſhone;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That God has made our cauſe his own.

But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebellious to his goodneſs prove.

His grace deſpis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackeſt crimes,
Prophaneneſs, error, luſt, and pride,
Are ſigns that mark the preſent times.

The Lord, diſpleas'd, has rais'd his rod;
Ah, where are now the faithful few,

Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to d

8 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry whe
Who meet to mourn, confess and
The nation and thy churches spare
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

CLXXIV.

1 ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betid
The saints may commit all their ca
To him who will surely provide:
When rain long withheld from the
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet secur'd from the dea
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey
But when the Lord's people have
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may be gra
Who know not how faith can pre
But sooner all nature shall chang
Than one of God's promises fail.

How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good ſhepherd rely!
He gives them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

CLXXV.

JESUS, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To take my manſion in the ſkies,
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
"Jeſus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
While through thy blood abſolv'd I am,
From ſin's tremendous curſe and ſhame.

Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,

Savior of ſinners thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Chriſt is ever new.

6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, Lord, thy baniſh'd ſeed rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus, the Lord our righteouſneſs.

CLXXVI.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But moſt of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

2 I that am all defil'd with ſin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What ſtrange ſurpriſing grace is this,
That ſuch a ſoul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jeſus bids me come.

"Eat, O my friends," the Savior cries,
"The feast was made for you:
"For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
"And rose, and triumph'd too."

With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

Ye saints below and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers:
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.

Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Shou'd join the harmony.

CLXXVII.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may prove my last.

Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;

And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
And few perhaps remain.

3 Awake, my ſoul, with ſolemn care,
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.

4 Now a new ſcene of time begins,
Set out afreſh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.

5 Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor fear a happy end.

CLXXVIII.

1 COME, my ſoul, thy ſuit prepare,
Jeſus loves to anſwer pray'r;
And will he who bids thee pray
Empty ſend thy ſoul away?

2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are ſuch,
None can ever aſk too much.

With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of ſin!
Let thy blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Set my conſcience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for reſt,
Take poſſeſſion of my breaſt:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my ſpirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my ſtrength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

CLXXIX.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myſelf in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy pierced ſide which flow'd;
Be of ſin the double cure:
Cleanſe me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite kno
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alo

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress
Helpless, look to thee for gra
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting br
When my eye-strings break i
When I soar through tracts u
See thee on thy judgment-thr
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

CLXXX.

1 JESUS, I love thy charmir
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so
That earth and heav'n migl

ıu art precious to my ſoul,
ınſport, and my truſt;
› thee are gaudy toys,
old is ſordid duſt.

apacious pow'rs can wiſh,
e moſt richly meet;
ıy eyes is light ſo dear,
iendſhip half ſo ſweet.

ıy grace ſtill cheer my heart,
ıed its fragrance there!
eſt balm of all its wounds,
›rdial of its care.

the honours of thy name
ny laſt lab'ring breath;
eechleſs, claſp thee in my arms,
/ in life and death!

CLXXXI.

'eſu, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
rich bleſſings convey'd by thy [word.

t we trace
ınders of grace,
ılly join in a concert of praiſe.

3 The trumpet of God
Is ſounded abroad,
The language of mercy--ſalvation thro' bloo

4 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel-da

5 The people who know
The Savior below,
With burning affection to worſhip him glo

6 This bleſſing be mine,
Through favour divine,
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine

CLXXXII.

1 O THAT I knew the ſecret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd ſpread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my ſins ariſe,
What ſorrows I ſuſtain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 *He* knows what arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my God;

I'd plead for his own mercy's ſake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

5 Ariſe, my ſoul, from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To ſpread thy ſorrows there.

CLXXXIII.

1 TIME, with an unweary'd hand,
Puſhes round the ſeaſons faſt;
And in life's frail glaſs the ſand
Sinks away with awful haſte!
Many juſt as you or I,
Who laſt year aſſembled thus,
In their ſilent graves now lie,
Graves will open ſoon for us!

2 When conſtrain'd to go alone,
Leaving all you love behind,
Ent'ring on a world unknown,
What will then ſupport your mind?

When the Lord his ſummons ſends,
Earthly comforts loſe their pow'r;
Honour, riches, kindred, friends,
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

3 Happy ſouls, who fear the Lord!
Time is not too ſwift for you;
When your Saviour gives the word,
Glad you'll bid the world adieu:
Then he'll wipe away your tears,
Near himſelf appoint your place;
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,
Lord, we long to ſee thy face!

CLXXXIV.

1 WHO can have greater cauſe to ſing,
Who greater cauſe to bleſs,
Than children of the heavenly King,
Who Jeſus Chriſt poſſeſs?

2 With angel-hoſts, dear Lord, we join
To praiſe thy love and power,
To magnify thy grace divine,
Thou wond'rous counſellor.

3 *We* late were ſatan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,

Hadſt thou not for our pardon bled,
Thou ſinner's only friend.

4 For this we ne'er would hold our tongue,
Nor let our praiſes ceaſe;
We evermore would ſing that ſong,
The Lord our righteouſneſs.

5 'Twas thou, and only thou didſt take
The Mediator's place,
When we the Father's ſtatutes brake;
All hail! thou Prince of peace.

6 O may we prove thee ſtill the ſame,
Whene'er our need we ſee:
Thou beareſt ſtill the Savior's name,
Our Savior thou ſhalt be!

CLXXXV.

1 HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful all ye nations riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;

With the heavenly hoſt proclaim,
" Chriſt is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Chriſt, by higheſt heaven ador'd,
Chriſt, the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

4 Come, deſire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conquering ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head.

5 Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-inſtate us in thy love.

CLXXXVI.

ALL ye that paſs by, to Jeſus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?

Our ranſom and peace, our ſurety he is;
Come ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

He came from above, our curſe to remove,
And loving he lov'd us, because he would love.

With joy we approve, the designs of his love,
A wonder to all, both below and above.

CLXXXVII.

1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Let all in one assembled throng,
The Great Jehovah's praise resound;
Sing to the Lord and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd;
With all the world his praise rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r his glorious works sustains,
Till time and death shall be no more,
Let heav'n its sacred joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express,
His loud applause let ocean roar:
Through all his num'rous isles rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

3 For joy let fertile vallies sing;
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The hills and plains, all nature wake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,

Who now appears in awful state,
His progress through the world to make:
From thee we live, to thee we call,
Hail, bounteous gracious Lord of all!

CLXXXVIII.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts desire.

CLXXXIX.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:

Fix'd in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the ſkies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upwards, Lord, our ſpirits raiſe,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies paſt receive,
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bleſs thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

CXC.

1 HOW welcome to the ſaints when [preſs'd
With ſix days noiſe, and care, and toil.

Is the returning day of reſt,
Which hides them from the world awhile?

2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They ſeem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and ſoften'd by the day,
All things another aſpect wear.

3 How happy if their lot is caſt
Where ſtatedly the goſpel ſounds!
The word is honey to the taſte, [wounds!
Renews their ſtrength, and heals their

4 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
With ſharp afflictions fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own houſe for heav'nly bread!

5 With joy they haſten to the place
Where they their Savior oft have met;
And while they feaſt upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

6 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours,
May we the privilege improve,
And find theſe conſecrated hours
Sweet earneſt of the joys above!

CXCI.

1 DOES the gospel-word proclaim
Rest for those who weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee:
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burden'd with a load of sin,
Harass'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without:
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark, the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace:
Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in
Till the storm be overpast.

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breaſt,
What a wond'rous change I find!
Now I know thy promis'd reſt
Can compoſe a troubled mind:
You that weary are like me
Hearken to the goſpel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
Jeſus will receive you all!

CXCII.

1 WHEN prayer's a burden and ta
No wonder I little receive;
O Lord, make me willing to aſk,
Since thou art ſo ready to give:
Although I am bought with thy blood
And all thy ſalvation is mine;
How diſtant from thee my chief gooc
I wander, and languiſh, and pine!

2 My ſpirit within me is preſt
With ſorrow, temptation, and fear,
Like John, I would flee to thy breaſt
And pour my complaints in thine ear
How happy and favour'd was he,
Who could on thy boſom repoſe!
O grant but this favor to me,
I'd ſmile at the rage of my foes.

I've heard of thy wonderful name;
How great and exalted thou art;
But ah! I confess to my shame,
It faintly impresses my heart:
The beams of thy glory display,
As Peter once saw thee appear;
Transported like him I would say,
"'Tis good for my soul to be here."

What sorrow and weight didst thou feel,
When nail'd, for my sake, to the tree!
My heart sure is harder than steel,
To feel no more sorrow for thee:
Oh! let me with Thomas descry
The wounds in thy hands and thy side,
And feel but like him when I cry,
"My God and my Saviour has dy'd!"

If thou hast appointed me still
To wrestle, and suffer, and fight;
O make me resign'd to thy will,
For all thy appointments are right:
This mercy, at least, I intreat,
Well knowing how vile I have been,
With Mary, to wait at thy feet,
And weep o'er the pardon of sin.

CXCIII.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, tho'
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 From hell he ransom'd me with blo
And by his pow'r my foes controul'
He found me, wand'ring far from C
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my want suppl
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies,
Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may sw
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;

But I am ſtrait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a taſk.

7 Before the world, that hates his cauſe,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd wit
ſhame;
Loth to forego the world's applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure, were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his ſigh

CXCIV.

1 O My Lord! I've often muſed
On thy wond'rous love to me;
How I have the ſame abuſed,
Slighted, diſregarded thee!
To thy church and thee a ſtranger,
Pleas'd with what diſpleaſed thee:
Loſt, yet could perceive no danger;
Wounded, yet no wound could ſee.

2 But unwearied thou purſu'dſt me,
Still thy calls repeated came;
Till on Calvary's mount I view'd thee,
Bearing my reproach and blame.

Then o'erwhelm'd with ſhame and ſorro
Whilſt I view each pierced limb,
Tears bedew the ſcourge's furrow,
Mingling with the purple ſtream.

3 I no more at Mary wonder
Dropping tears upon the grave;
Earneſt aſking all around her,
Where is he who dy'd to ſave?
Dying love her heart attracted;
Soon ſhe felt his riſing pow'r:
He who Mary thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

CXCV.

1 MY times of ſorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choiceſt comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou ſhould'ſt take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were poſſeſs'd by me
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But ſeek enduring happineſs
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its ſtores?
'Tis but a bitter ſweet;
When I attempt a roſe to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliſs can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
Midſt changing ſcenes and dying friends
Be *Thou* my all in all.

CXCVI.

1 JESUS, whoſe almighty ſceptre
Rules creation all around,
In whoſe bowels, love and mercy,
Grace and pity, full are found;
In my ſpirit rule and conquer,
There ſet up thy endleſs throne;
Win my heart from ev'ry creature,
Thee to love, and thee alone.

2 In thy ſtrength I'd only conquer,
In thy righteouſneſs confide!
Wiſe and ſimple in thy wiſdom,
Strong and dauntleſs by thy ſide;
In thy bleeding wounds moſt happy,
Nought will do for wretched me,
But a Savior, full of mercy,
Dying, innocent, and free.

3 Climb, my ſoul, unto the mountain,
Ever bleſſed Calvary,
See the wounded victim bleeding,
Nail'd to the accurſed tree:
Love to miſerable ſinners,
Love unfathom'd, love to death,
Was the only end and motive,
To reſign his gracious breath.

CXCVII.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm re-
And make thy glory known; [veal,
Now let us all thy preſence feel,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Savior's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and ſhame.

3 From all the guilt of former ſin
May mercy ſet us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That ſaints may love thee more;

And ſinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worſhip here,
And praiſe thee in our room.

CXCVIII.

GRACIOUS Lord, our children ſee,
By thy mercy we are free;
But ſhall theſe, alas! remain,
Subjects ſtill of ſatan's reign;
Iſrael's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to withhold;
Then the meſſenger ſaid, "No;
Let the children alſo go."

When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful ſword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the firſt-born of the land;
Then thy people's doors he paſs'd,
Where the bloody ſign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Chriſt for theſe.

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his ſight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them ſafe beneath thy wings;
Leſt the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

CXCIX.

1 SIN has undone our wretched race,
But Jeſus has reſtor'd,
And brought the ſinner face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

2 This we repeat, from year to year,
And preſs upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
And ſave them by thy truth.

3 Bleſſings upon the riſing race!
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richeſt grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.

4 We feel for your unhappy ſtate,
May you regard it too
And would awhile ourſelves forget
To pour out pray'r for you.

Ve ſee, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, awful doom;
) tremble at the ſolemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

)ear Saviour, let this new-born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
\nd cry, in ev'ry careleſs ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

CC.

THE Savior, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breaſt,
When haſting to Jeruſalem,
He march'd before the reſt!

Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engroſs;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
And pants to reach the croſs.

With all his ſuff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the taſk his ſpirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts ſhall ſound abroad,

Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God!

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

CCI.

1 REfreshed by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Savior's love
Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.

2 Do they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb?
Although we cannot reach their strains
Yet we, through grace, can sing the sa
For us he dy'd, for us he reigns.

3 If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpse can only see;
Yet equal debtors to his grace,
As safe and as belov'd are we.

4 They had, like us, a suff'ring time,
Our cares, and fears, and griefs they kne
But they have conquer'd all through h
And we ere-long shall conquer too.

Though all the ſongs of ſaints in light,
Are far beneath his matchleſs worth,
His grace is ſuch, he will not ſlight,
The poor attempts of worms on earth.

CCII.

JESUS, full of all compaſſion,
Hear thy humble ſuppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great ſalvation,
See I languiſh, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpleſs grief,
Proſtrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O ſend me quick relief!

Whither ſhould a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
On the word thy blood hath ſealed,
Hangs my everlaſting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O ſtay me, leſt I fall!

In the world of endleſs ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be ſaid,

" Here's a ſoul that periſh'd, ſuing
" For the boaſted Saviour's aid ! "
Sav'd—the deed ſhall ſpread new glory
Through the ſhining realms above,
Angels ſing the pleaſing ſtory,
All enraptur'd with thy love !

CCIII.

1 SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Savior's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning ſhades prevail'd,
His love was all my ſong.

3 In vain the tempter ſpread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Savior's ſmiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my ſoul drew near the Lord,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
call'd each promiſe mine.

5 Then to his ſaints I often ſpoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almoſt broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noiſe,
For Jeſus hides his face;
I read, the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

8 Now ſatan threatens to prevail,
And make my ſoul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

CCIV.

1 SEE Iſrael's gentle ſhepherd ſtand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms!

CCVI.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature ſing:
Angels—begin the ſong,
Mortals—the ſtrain prolong
In accents ſweet and ſtrong;
"Jeſus is king."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchleſs fame;
What wonders done!
Shout through hell's dark profound;
Let the whole earth reſound,
Till the high heavens rebound;
"The victory's won."

3 He vanquiſh'd ſin and hell,
And the laſt foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice!
His dying love adore,
Praiſe him now rais'd in pow'r,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

4 Hail then the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo, he ſhall come!

While they who pierc'd him, wail,
His promise shall not fail,
Saints, see your King prevail;
Come, dear Lord, come!
Hallelujah.

CCVII.

1 GREAT Lord of all the churches, hear
Thy ministers and people's pray'r;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies!

2 May ev'ry pastor from above
Be now inspir'd with zeal and love;
To watch thy folds, and feed thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep!

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Raise us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name!

4 May young and old thy word receive;
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live:
The wounded conscience, healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind!

5 May aged ſaints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holineſs;
And when tranſplanted to the ſkies,
May younger in their ſtead ariſe!

6 Thus, we, our ſuppliant voices raiſe,
And weeping, ſow the ſeeds of praiſe,
In humble hope, that thou wilt hear
Thy miniſters and people's pray'r.

CCVIII.

1 BESIDE the goſpel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpleſs ſoul
Has waited for a cure.
How often have I ſeen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, ſtepping in,
Their efficacy prove?

2 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very ſame;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at firſt I came.
O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;

He knows how long I've languiſh'd here,
And what diſtreſs I feel.

How often have I thought
Why ſhould I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have ſought
Is not for ſuch as I.
But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where ſtreams of ſov'reign virtue flow
To make a ſinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jeſus hear a ſinner pray,
Yet ſuffer him to die?
No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A ſoul that fain would ſee his face,
To periſh at his feet.

CCIX.

TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the ſoul.

2 The Lord's unſparing hand
Supplies the living ſtream;
It is not at our own command,
But ſtill deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently ſay,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*.

4 Man's wiſdom is to ſeek
His ſtrength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be we
Who truſted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of ki
Than all your works beſide.

6 In Jeſus is our ſtore,
Grace iſſues from his throne;
Whoever ſays, "I want no mo
Confeſſes he has none.

CCX.

1 FIX my heart and eyes on thi
What are other objects wortl

'ee thy glory ſhine,
v'n begun on earth:
:an no longer move,
read on all beſide,
: feel my Saviour's love,
nember how he dy'd.

y ſearch is at an end,
y wiſhes rove no more!
y moments I would ſpend,
nd wonder, and adore:
ource of excellence!
glorious love reveal!
ns ſhall not bribe me hence,
his happineſs I feel.

y heart, 'tis all thine own,
will my ſpirit frame;
alt reign, and thou alone,
l I have, or am:
iſh thought ſhall dare
l againſt thy word,
Lord, and do not ſpare,
:hou alone ador'd.

thus the Lord my choice,
othing more to chooſe,

But to liſten to thy voice,
And my will in thine to loſe:
Thus, whatever may betide,
I ſhall ſafe and happy be;
Still content and ſatisfy'd,
Having all, in having thee.

CCXI.

1 I Thirſt, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to ſha
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I ſhould ſeek my pleaſures the

2 It was the ſight of thy dear croſs,
Firſt wean'd my ſoul from earthly th
And taught me to eſteem as droſs
The mirth of fools and pomp of kin

3 I want that grace that ſprings from t
That quickens all things where it flo
And makes a wretched thorn, like n
Bloom as the myrtle, or the roſe.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer ſink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving ſtream!

For ſure, of all the plants that ſhare
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves leſs grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

CCXII.

NOW, I ſee, whate'er betide,
All is well if Chriſt be mine;
He has promis'd to provide,
I have only to reſign.

When a ſenſe of ſin and thrall
Forc'd me to the ſinner's Friend,
He engag'd to manage all,
By the way and to the end.

"Caſt, he ſaid, on me thy care,
'Tis enough that I am nigh:
I will all thy burdens bear,
I will all thy wants ſupply.

Simply follow as I lead,
Do not reaſon, but believe;
Call on me in time of need,
Thou ſhalt ſurely help receive."

5 Lord, I would, I do ſubmit,
Gladly yield my all to thee;
What thy wiſdom ſees moſt fit,
Muſt be, ſurely, beſt for me.

6 Only when the way is rough,
And the coward fleſh would ſtart,
Let thy promiſe and thy love
Cheer and animate my heart.

CCXIII.

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of ſome o'er-looking hill,
His heart revives, if croſs the plains
He eyes his home, though diſtant ſtill.

2 While he ſurveys the much-lov'd ſpot,
He ſlights the ſpace that lies between;
His paſt fatigues are now forgot,
Becauſe his journey's end is ſeen.

3 Thus, when the Chriſtian pilgrim views
By faith, his manſion in the ſkies,
The ſight his fainting ſtrength renews,
And wings his ſpeed to reach the prize:

4 The thought of home his ſpirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles paſt;

Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil upon the road.

CCXIV.

LORD, my soul with pleasure springs,
When Jesus' name I hear;
And when God the Spirit brings
The word of promise near:
Beauties too, in holiness,
Still delighted I perceive;
Nor have words that can express
The joys thy precepts give.

Cloth'd in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee!

Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And eyes begin to shine.

3 Those the comforts I possess,
Which God shall still increase
All his ways are pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.
Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
Henceforth let me ever slight;
For I love his easy yoke,
And find his burden light.

CCXV.

1 BITTER, indeed, the waters ar
Which in this desert flow;
Though to the eye they promise fai
They taste of sin and woe.

2 Of pleasing draughts I once could d
But now, awake, I find,
That sin has poison'd ev'ry stream,
And left a curse behind.

3 But there's a wonder-working woo
I've heard believers say,

make thefe bitter waters good,
ıd take the curfe away.

virtues of this healing tree
e known and priz'd by few:
ıal this fecret, Lord, to me,
ıat I may prize it too.

crofs on which the Savior dy'd,
d conquer'd for his faints;
is the tree, by faith apply'd,
hich fweetens all complaints.

ıfands have found the blefs'd effect,
r longer mourn their lot;
e on his forrows they reflect,
eir own are all forgot.

n they, by faith, behold the crofs,
ɔugh many griefs they meet;
draw a gain from ev'ry lofs,
d find the bitter fweet,

CCXVI.

ɔ once for Jonah, fo the Lord,
To footh and cheer my mournful
hours,

Prepar'd for me a pleaſing gou
Cool was its ſhade, and ſweet

2 To prize his gift was ſurely ri
But through the folly of my h
It hid the Giver from my ſight
And ſoon my joy was chang'd

3 While I admir'd its beauteous
Its pleaſant ſhade and grateful
The Lord diſpleas'd, ſent fortl
Unſeen, to prey upon the root

4 I trembled when I ſaw it fade,
But guilt reſtrain'd the murm'
My folly I confeſs'd, and pra
Forgive my ſin, and ſpare my

5 His wond'rous love can ne'er l
He heard me and reliev'd my
His word the threat'ning worm
And bid my gourd revive agai

6 Now, Lord, my gourd is min
'Tis thine, who only could'ſt
The idol of my heart before,
Shall henceforth flouriſh to th

CCXVII.

1 WHEN, deſcending fron
The Bridegroom ſhall

ie ſolemn midnight cry
l call profeſſors near,
ſound our hearts will damp !
l ſhame o'erſpread each face !
ly have a lamp,
hout the oil of grace.

ı virgins then will wake,
ſeek for a ſupply ;
vain the pains they take
orrow or to buy :
h thoſe they now deſpiſe,
they'll wiſh to ſhare ;
eſt among the wiſe
have no oil to ſpare.

re they, and truly bleſt,
› then ſhall ready be !
ſpair will ſeize the reſt,
dreadful miſery :
y cry'd, we ſcorn to doubt,
n lies our truſt we put ;—
lamp of hope is out,
door of mercy ſhut.

they preſume to plead,
'd, open to us now ;

We on earth have heard and pray'd,
And with thy saints did bow:
He will answer from his throne,
"Though you with my people mix'd,
Yet to me you ne'er were known;
Depart, your doom is fix'd."

5 O that none who worship here
May hear that word, depart!
Lord, impress a godly fear
On each professor's heart:
Help us, Lord, to search the camp
Let us not ourselves beguile;
Trusting to a dying lamp,
Without a flock of oil.

CCXVIII.

WE seek a rest beyond the
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the
But Jesus guards the way:
The swelling flood, and raging
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his na
Our Savior is the Lord.

CCXIX.

CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed;
lefs the provifions of thy houfe,
nd fatisfy thy poor with bread:
rawn by thine invitation, Lord,
ungry and thirfty we are come;
ow from the fulnefs of thy word,
:aft us, and fend us thankful home.

CCXX.

COME, thou foul-transforming Spirit,
Blefs the fower, and the feed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raife the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gofpel
Now fupply thy people's need.

O may all enjoy the bleffing
Which thy word's defign'd to give!
Let us all, thy love poffeffing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praife and glory live.

CCXXI.

SUN of righteoufnefs, arife!
Let us feel thy prefence near;

Let thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy houſe appear:
Now afford us, Lord, a taſte
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

2 May thy goſpel's joyful ſound
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

CCXXII.

1 NOw, Lord, inſpire the preacher's hea
And teach his tongue to ſpeak;
Food to the hungry ſoul impart,
And ſuccour to the weak.

2 Furniſh us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in wiſdom's ways;
So ſhall the benefit be ours,
And thou ſhalt have the praiſe.

CCXXIII.

O May all enjoy the bleſſing
Which thy word's deſign'd to give!
Let us all, thy love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the truth receive;

nd for ever
praiſe and glory live.

CCXXIV.

'O thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
:pt what is thine own,
pardon what is ours:
'aiſes, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
thy word a bleſſing give.

CCXXV.

N what has now been ſown,
Thy bleſſing, Lord, beſtow:
pow'r is thine alone,
nake it ſpring and grow:
ou the gracious harveſt raiſe,
iou alone, ſhalt have the praiſe.

CCXXVI.

CE more before we part,
We'll bleſs the Savior's name;
l his mercies, ev'ry heart,
;, ev'ry tongue, his fame.

up his ſacred word;
l feed thereon and grow;

Go on to ſeek, to know the Lord,
And practiſe what you know.

CCXXVII.

THE ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mounta away;
But fix'd, O God, thy ſaving pow
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy ow reigns.

CCXXVIII.

MERCY, good Lord, merc
This is the total ſum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my ſu
Lord, let thy mercy come.

CCXXIX.

THIS God is the God we
Our faithful unchangea
Whoſe love is as large as his
And neither knows meaſu
'Tis Jeſus the firſt and the la

Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
iſe him for all that is paſt,
iſt him for all that's to come.

the grace of Chriſt our Savior,
d the Father's boundleſs love,
Holy Spirit's favour,
us from above!
we abide in union
other, and the Lord;
ſs, in ſweet communion,
h earth cannot afford.

ER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
God whom we adore,
ith the heavenly hoſt,
ſe thee evermore.
aven and earth ador'd,
One, and One in Three,
y, holy Lord,
y be to thee.

ER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
in Three, and Three in One,
Celeſtial Hoſt,
will on earth be done:

Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

PRAISE God, from whom all bl
flow,
Praiſe Him, all creatures here below:
Praiſe Him above, ye heav'nly hoſts,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

INDEX.

INDEX.

INDEX.

INDEX.

INDEX.

I N D E X.

S U B J E C T S.

Refer to the Hymns.

FINIS.

[illegible]

[illegible] Hand [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 5

[illegible]

25 [illegible]

[illegible]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[illegible]